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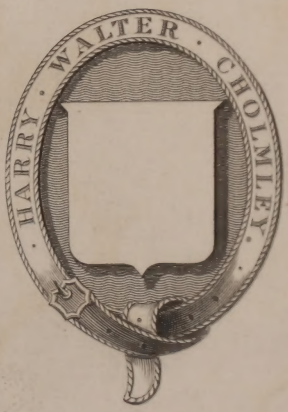
HARRY · WALTER · CHOLMLEY ·

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

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Eng
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Angling

149

First ed.
£5.95
ETRRP

The Newcastle Fishers' Garlands.

Fifty Copies printed on large paper. Price Two Guineas.

Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Company.

A COLLECTION

OF

RIGHT MERRIE GARLANDS

FOR

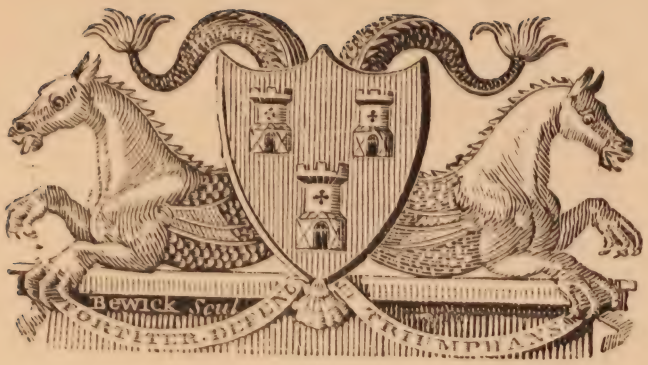
North Country Anglers.

EDITED BY

JOSEPH CRAWHALL,

AND CONTINUED TO THIS PRESENT YEAR.

Newcastle-on-Tyne:
GEORGE RUTLAND, 22 BLACKETT STREET.
1864.



DEDICATED to the Members of the COQUETDALE ANGLING CLUB, with an earnest hope that the *lines* herein *cast* may perchance *rise* some stray ROXBY or DOUBLEDAY of that honourable body, and induce an attempt to resume and continue the NEWCASTLE FISHERS' GARLANDS, so charmingly set forth by the spirits of a former generation.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Songs formed part of the series of publications issued by the Newcastle-on-Tyne Typographical Society, (commenced in 1817, and not now in existence.) They were at first issued separately, and afterwards collectively in 1836, containing, with "The Angler's Progress" and "The Tyne Fisher's Farewell," fourteen Garlands to 1832 inclusive. A subsequent edition appeared in 1842, with fifteen additional songs, continued to 1845, including "The Auld Fisher's Invitation," forming in the whole a collection of twenty-nine Garlands from 1820 to 1845. The original manuscripts, with the correspondence relating to them, and the corrected proofs, were purchased by the editor of the present edition from the late William Garret, many years manager for the late Emerson Charnley, the publisher of the former

editions, and on such data the notes and memoranda now prefixed to each Garland are founded.

The history of the woodcuts in the original edition, to the period of the publication of most of them in the so-called Bewick's "Select Fables," 1820, will be found in the preface (advertisement) to that work, but the reader will in vain look for their identity on the Garlands. Perhaps the less said about (in catalogue phraseology) "the charming illustrations by Bewick" the better, as, with very few exceptions, the blocks were so thoroughly, and, I may say, so skilfully metamorphosed, that it will be found difficult in many cases to recognise them in their present state—a state certainly detrimental in an artistic point of view. The woodcuts in the series which have been *copied from* Bewick will certainly not tend to impair the fame of that great man. In 1852 appeared "The Coquetdale Fishing Songs, now first collected and edited by a North-Country Angler," (Thomas Doubleday,) but including only sixteen Garlands of the original series, severally or jointly the productions of Robert Roxby and the editor, with the addition of "The Auld Fisher's Advice," introduced in the present edition as the Garland for 1846. Of seven unpublished manuscript Garlands in the collection, three only have been thought worthy of insertion here, which, with two cor-

rected proofs of angling songs by William Andrew Chatto, forwarded to Garret for publication, (though having already appeared in "The Angler's Souvenir," 1834,) bring the Garlands down to 1850, from which date to this present year they have been supplied by the writers whose names are respectively subscribed.

MORPETH, *August* 1, 1864.

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The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1820.

The Angler's Progress.

[The following doggerel was written by Mr Herman Boaz, (a conjuror,) July 4, 1789, and published in a detached form, (broadside?). Second edition, London, for J. H. Burn, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, 1820. It is also included in most collections of angling songs, such as "Songs of the Chace," "Armiger's Vocal Cabinet," "Blakey's Angler's Song Book," &c. Notwithstanding having been characterised as "*perfect*" in the "Noctes," (Oct. 1832,) it is not admitted here on its merits, but solely as having been the precedent to the Newcastle Garlands. Two hundred and ninety-six copies were printed for Emerson Charnley, July 7, 1824, with manuscript instructions on the proof to "make it 1820." Wood-cut on title as used for vignette at p. 190, "Select Fables," 1820. The block is in Bohn's possession, and figures at p. 83, "Walton's Angler," 1856, as Bewick's.]

WHEN I was a mere school-boy,
(ere yet I 'd learn'd my book,)
I felt an itch for Angling
in every little brook;
An osier rod, some thread for line,
a crooked pin for hook,
And thus equipp'd, I angled
in every little brook;
Where Prickle-backs and Minnows,
each day I caught in store,
With Stone-loaches and Miller's-thumbs—
those brooks afford no more:
And thus the little Angler,
with crooked pin for hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

II.

Then next I bought some farthing hooks,
and eke a horse-hair line;
An hazel rod, with whale-bone top,
my play-mates to outshine;
With which I soon aspired
to angle with a float,
And where I could not fish from shore,
I angled from a boat;
Then Roach and Dace, and Bleak I took,
and Gudgeons without end,
And now and then a Pearch I 'd hook,
which made my rod to bend:
And thus the little Angler,
pleas'd with his line and hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

III.

Bream, Chub, and Barbel, next I sought,
their various haunts I try'd,
With scower'd worms, greaves, cheese, and paste,
and various baits beside;
With hooks of *Kirby-bent* well chose,
and gut that 's round and fine,
So by gradations thus I rose
to fish with running line;
A multiplying winch I bought,
wherewith my skill to try,
And so expert myself I thought,
few with me now could vie:

And thus the little Angler,
with rod, and line, and hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

IV.

My mind on Trolling now intent,
with live and dead snap-hook ;
I seldom to the rivers went,
but Pike or Jack I took ;
Near banks of bull-rush, sedge, and reed ;
(a dark and windy day :)
And if the Pike were on their feed,
I rarely miss'd my prey.
If baits are fresh, and proper size,
no matter what 's the sort,
At Gudgeons, Roach, or Dace they 'll rise ;
with all by turns I 've sport.
So now a dext'rous Angler,
with rod, and line, and hook,
I shunn'd each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

V.

And now to cast a fly-line well,
became my chiefest wish ;
I strove each sportsman to excel,
and cheat the nimble fish ;
Now Trout and Grayling I could kill,
if gloomy was the day,

And Salmon also, at my will,
became an easy prey;
Now flies and palmers I could dress,
aquatic insects too,
And all their various seasons guess,
their uses well I knew:
So now a dext'rous Angler,
with line, and rod, and hook,
I shunn'd each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

VI.

So now to close this charming scene,
which none but sportsmen feel,
Be sure you keep the Golden Mean,
nor arm your hearts with steel:
The fish with moderation take,
and to the FAIR BE KIND;
And ne'er with them your promise break,
but virtue keep in mind:
So Wives and Sweethearts now let 's drink,
let each man fill his glass,
And may we never speak or think,
to disconcert our Lass!—
Then, when our lines are all worn out,
and feeble grows the hook,
They 'll ne'er forget the Angler,
that angled in the brook.

HERMAN BOAZ.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1821.

The Fisher's Garland.

[This Garland, the joint production of Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday, appeared as a broadside printed by John Booth, Newcastle, April 5, 1821, headed by the woodcut which is used at p. 24, "Bewick's Æsop's Fables," 1818, signed "R. R." Two hundred copies were printed for Emerson Charnley—woodcut on title as used at p. 148, "Select Fables," 1820, and similar to (but smaller) and reversed, from the cut at p. 45 "Fisher's Spring Day," 1808. Printed in the "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"The Miller o'Dron."

AULD Nature now revived seems,
Cauld Winter's blasts are fled;
And freely flow the sunny streams
O'er Coquet's pebbly bed,
The mellow thrush, frae Dews-hill wood,
Proclaims the dawn of day,
And to the Coquet's crystal flood
The Fisher wends his way.

CHORUS.

Then luck be to the Angler Lads,
Luck to the rod and line;
Wi' morn's first beam we'll wade the stream,
The night we'll wet wi' wine.

Nae mair we 'll fish the coaly Tyne,
Nae mair the oozy Team,
Nae mair we 'll try the sedgy Pont,
Or Derwent's woody stream ;
But we 'll awa' to Coquet-side,
For Coquet bangs them a' ;
Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide
By Brinkburn's bonny Ha'.
Then luck, &c.

And we 'll prepare our limber gads,
Lang lines, and braw brass wheels ;
We 'll wile the Trouties frae their hauds,
And soon fill a' our Creels :
We 'll catch them here, we 'll catch them there,
Wi' *mennim*, *bait*, and *flee ;*
We 'll thousands kill, wi' hook and hair,
'Tween Thirlmoor and the sea.
Then luck, &c.

At Weldon Brig there 's wale o' wine,
If ye hae coin i' pocket ;
If ye can thraw a *heckle* fine,
There 's wale o' trouts i' Coquet.
And we will quaff the bluid-red wine,
Till Weldon's wa's shall reel ;
We 'll drink success to hook and line,
And a' wha bear the creel.
Then luck, &c.

If ony Dolt, our song that hears,
Abuse the rod and fly,
May he, to pay him for his jeers,
"Have other fish to fry!"
If ony Witling dare to lash
The Lads *wha make the cast,*
May he, to pay him for his clash,
Dance in a *line* at last!
Then luck, &c.

And O! in all their angling bouts,
On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
Whether for Maidens or for Trouts,
May Anglers still succeed!
By Pont or Coquet, Tyne or Team,
In sunshine or in rain,
May Fisher ne'er put foot in stream,
Or hand in purse in vain!
Then luck, &c.

The sun is on the mountain side,
The daisy on the sod,
The river sparkles in his pride,
Then, Fishers, take the rod.
Since summer-beams begin to dart,
To streamy Weldon post,
And he shall have the lightest heart,
Whose Creel shall weigh the most.

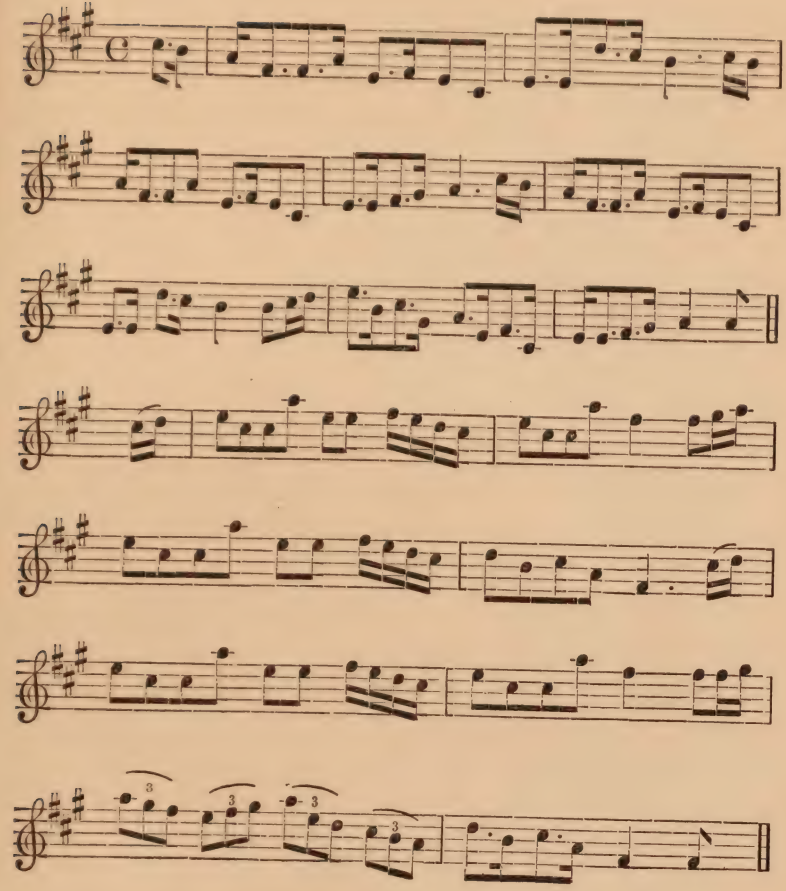
CHORUS.

Then luck be to the Angler Lads,
Luck to the rod and line;
Wi' morn's first beam we'll wade the stream,
The night we'll wet wi' wine.

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, 5*th April* 1821.

"THE MILLER O' DRON."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1822.

Tyne Side.

[Written by William Gill Thompson, revised and improved by the Rev. Henry Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington. Two hundred and ninety-one copies printed for Emerson Charnley, June 2, 1824. Woodcut on title—view of St Nicholas' steeple, and the old castle of Newcastle-on-Tyne in the distance.]

TUNE—"Canny Newcassel."

NOW night has resign'd the soft mantle of sleep,
And the stars are away slowly creeping;
The young day has broken behind the far steep,
And the lark on her free wing is sweeping;
The wild rose is sweet in the green-scented lane,
With the woodbine so gaily entwining;
The daisies are bright on the dew-spangled plain,
In the face of the firmament shining.

CHORUS.

Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne's *smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,*
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

Let high-flier fishermen sing of their streams,
Away on the *Tweed* or the *Coquet;*
Give me the sweet wave where the black di'mond beams,
Like the glance from the sky-seeking rocket;

Far dearer to me is the slime-cover'd strand,
Where old *Tyne* in his majesty wanders,
Than all the gay prospects, romantic and grand,
Of the *Tweed* in its sweetest meanders.
Then hey, &c.

The shores of the *Coquet*, the banks of the *Tweed*,
May boast of a richer profusion
Of all that is sweetest in flower or in weed,
To deck the dim haunts of seclusion;
But oh! in their sunny time, never will they,
In the zenith of all their gay shining,
So dear be to me as the rude banks of clay
O'er the *Tyne's* rapid progress reclining.
Then hey, &c.

For *there*, in the spring-time of youth and its joy,
When the bright eye is beaming with gladness,
When hope, love, and pleasure, each moment employ,
And time is unrobed of its sadness,
How sweetly the fleet-winged moments have fled,
While each innocent pastime pursuing;
When no pang felt the heart, and no pain knew the head,
And our pleasures were ever renewing.
Then hey, &c.

The fisher may smile by his far-away stream,
As he marks his faint victim's last quiver;
He may smile in contempt at the bard and his theme,
But still thou art dear, "shining river;"

And gay are the tenants that people thy flood,
And elate are the bosoms that catch them,
Oh! the hearts! and the scenes where those light hearts have stood!
Ye may walk the wide world ere ye match them.
Then hey, &c.

But, away! see! the sun stands aloft in the sky,
And the trouts from the cool stream are leaping,
With the lithe taper rod, and the well-sorted fly,
(While dull moralisers are sleeping,)
We 'll brush the bright dew from the soft-waving blade,
Till we reach some sweet spot on thy border,
Romantic and rude, as by nature's hand made,
Where we 'll put our trim tackle in order.
Then hey, &c.

At the *Team* or the *Hazzacks*, wherever we meet,
Nor in deeps nor in shallows we 'll spare them,
In the dark woody *Derwent's* secluded retreat,
With the fly or the worm will we snare them!
And further up yet, where the scenes of old days
Can fill a brief page with their story,
We 'll conquer again!—be as proud of our bays,
As the heroes who 've left us their glory.
Then hey, &c.

And when by the *skill* of our *long-practis'd* art,
We have fill'd up each creel to its cover,
When slowly, with many a glance back, we depart,
And the zest of our pastime is over;

When the deep glow of sunset is red on the sea,
When the songsters all homeward are hieing,
When the curtain of night is spread dark o'er the lea,
Still to *Tyne* will our fancies be flying!
Then hey, &c.

Still to *Tyne* and its scenes, in the gay circle warm,
When the glass round the table is wheeling,
We 'll fondly revert, and recount every charm,
While our chorus resounds to the ceiling;
And again, o'er the bowl! while unmark'd the hours fly,
In fancy, we 'll hook the bright treasure,
And bumpers, the deepest that sorrow defy,
We 'll drain to our innocent pleasure.

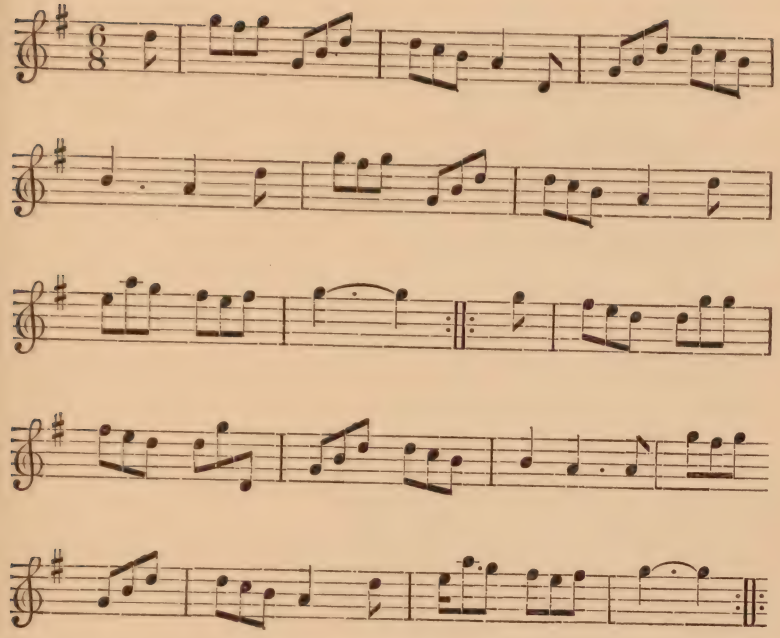
CHORUS.

Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne's *smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,*
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *6th May* 1822.

"CANNY NEWCASSEL."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1823.

Coquet Side.

[This Garland, the joint production of Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday, appeared as a broadside, entitled "Coquet-side, or the Fisher's Garland for 1823, Newcastle." Signed R. R. No printer's name. And also, in a similar form, entitled "The Angler's Song in praise of the Coquet." Printed by P. Blair, Newgate Street, Morpeth—headed by a Bacchanalian woodcut, inscribed "Angler's Inn, Weldon Bridge."

"Auld Weldon, whose cellars and streams never fail."

At foot a woodcut with shooters and dog. One hundred and ninety-six copies were printed for Emerson Charnley, December 20, 1823. Woodcut on title, as used at p. 42, "Select Fables," 1820. Fifty copies were presented to Mr Doubleday.]

TUNE—"They may rail at this life."

THE Lambs they are feeding on lonely *Shill-moor*,
And the breezes blow softly o'er dark *Simonside;*
The birds they are lilting in every green bower,
And the streams of the *Coquet* now merrily glide.
The Primrose is blooming at *Halystane Well*,
And the bud 's on the Saugh, and the bonny Birk tree;
The Moorcocks are calling round *Harbottle-fell*,
And the snaw-wreaths are gane frae the *Cheviot* sae hie.

The mist 's on the mountain, the dew 's on the spray,
And the Lassie has kilted her coats to the knee;
The Shepherd he 's whistling o'er *Barraburn* brae,
And the sunbeams are glintin' far over the sea

Then we 'll off to the *Coquet*, with hook, hair, and *heckle*,
With our neat taper Gads, and our well-belted Creels,
And far from the bustle and din o' Newcastle,
Begin the Campaign at the streams *o' Linn-shiels*.

The "Nimrod" may brag of his horns and his hounds,
And of louping o'er hedges and ditches may rave;
But what 's all their clamour, their rides, and their rounds,
Compar'd with the murmur of Coquet's clear wave?
And "Ramrod" may crack of his Pointer so staunch,
And may tramp till he 's weary o'er stubble and lea;
But what 's all the fun of the dog and the gun,
Compar'd with the "Lang-rod," *and thrawing the flee?*

More big of our Conquests than great Alexander,
We 'll rise to our sport with the morning's first beam
Our creels shall grow heavier as onward we wander,
And levy large tribute from pool and from stream.
We 'll plunder the deeps, and the shallows we 'll tax well,
Till *Sharperton*, *Hepple*, and *Thropton* are past;
We 'll halt near the *Thrum* for a Dinner with *Maxwell*,
But land at our old Home of Weldon at last.

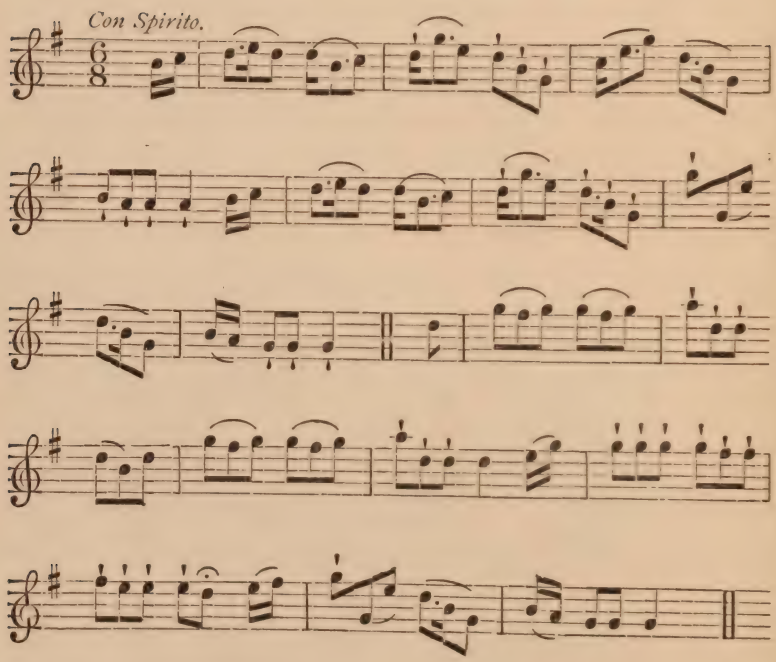
Now *Crag-end* is past, and now *Brinkburn* is nearest,
Now the green braes of *Tod-stead*, the pride of the Vale,
Then, hey! for fam'd *Weldon*, to Anglers the dearest,
Old Weldon, whose Cellars and streams never fail;
There we 'll talk of our triumphs, and boast of our slaughter,
How "we hook'd him, and play'd him, and kill'd him so fine;"
And the battle so gloriously finish'd in water,
Again and again we 'll fight over in wine.

Here 's good luck to the Gad, and success to each friend on 't;
If e'er prayer of mine can have interest above,
May they run their line smoothly, nor soon see an end on 't,
And their course be as clear as the streams that they love!
May the current of life still spread glitt'ring before them,
And their joys ever rise as the season draws nigh;
And if e'er—as 'twill happen—Misfortune comes o'er them,
Oh! still may her dart fall as light as their fly!

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE.

"THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1824.

The Auld Fisher's Welcome to Coquet-Side.

[The joint production of Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday. Woodcut on title —man angling—designed and engraved by Isaac Nicholson of Newcastle, March 10, 1824, for which he charged fourteen shillings. Three hundred and four copies printed March 25, 1824, of which one hundred were presented to Mr Roxby. The block is in Bohn's possession, and figures in "Walton's Angler," p. 177, 1856, and in "Hofland's Angler's Manual," p. 319. 1848, as the work of Bewick. Published in "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852, and in "Dibdin's Northern Tour." Allan Cunningham, in the "Songs of Scotland," 1825, introduced this "Garland" with the following observations:—"This clever song is the work of an Englishman; and had it come from a Caledonian bard, the costume of language, and the spirit of the 'North Countrie,' could not have been more perfect. It is one of the annual "Fisher's Garlands" which Newcastle sends forth to the world, and to which the graver of Bewick adds such charms of truth and nature as seldom accompany lyric poetry. In reading the song, a trout stream, slightly swelled by an upland shower, gushes out upon one's fancy,—a rod comes into our hand, we cast a careful line upon the rippling water, we watch the well-dissembled flies, and our patience is rewarded by casting 'a trout bedropp'd wi' crimson hail' upon the grassy bank. Burns, who went to angle in the Nith with a huge fur cap on, and a Highland broadsword by his side, knew little of the art compared to my excellent friend of Newcastle."]

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

WE twa hae fish'd the *Kale* sae clear,
An' streams o' mossy *Reed*,
We 've try'd the *Wansbeck* an' the *Wear*,
The *Teviot* an' the *Tweed;*
An' we will try them ance again
When summer suns are fine,
An' we 'll *thraw the flee* thegither yet
For the days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.

For gie's a drappie till our cheek,
Our ain gad in our han';
The tackle tough, the heckle *rough,*
An' match us yet wha can!

'Tis mony years sin' first we met
On *Coquet's* bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claes:
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim Death he heuks us a';
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.
For gie's, &c.

For we are hale an' hearty baith,
Though frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
An' climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels an' grip our gads,
An' thraw a sweeping line,
An' we'll hae a plash amang the lads
For the days o' lang syne.
For gie's, &c.

Though *Cheviot's* top be frosty still,
He's green belaw the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak your gad,
An' gang awa' wi' me.

Come busk your *flees*, my auld compeer,
We 're fidgin' a' fu' fain,
We 've fish'd the *Coquet* mony a year,
An' we 'll fish her owre again.
For gie's, &c.

An' hameward when we todle back,
An' night begins to fa',
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We 'll crack aboon them a'—
When jugs are toom'd an' coggies wet,
I 'll lay my loof in thine ;
We 've shewn we 're guid at Water yet,
An' we 're little warse at Wine.
For gie's, &c.

We 'll crack how mony a creel we 've fill'd,
How mony a line we 've flung,
How mony a Ged an' Sawmon kill'd
In days when we were young ;
We 'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune ;
They 're bleezing aye o' what they 'll do,
We 'll tell them what we 've dune.

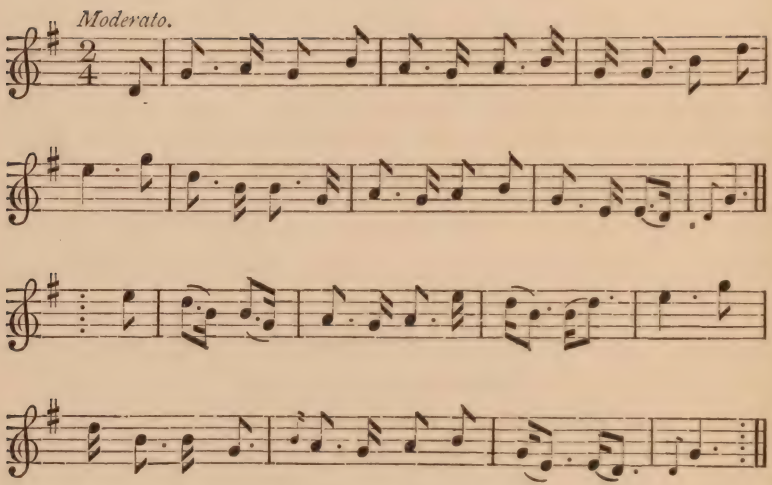
CHORUS.

For gie's a drappie till our cheek,
Our ain gad in our han' ;
The tackle tough, the heckle *rough,*
An' match us yet wha can !

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *March* 1824.

"AULD LANG SYNE."



The Tyne Fisher's Farewell

TO HIS FAVOURITE STREAM ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The Tyne Fisher's Farewell

TO HIS FAVOURITE STREAM ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

[The first fragmentary sketch of this Garland is in the holograph of the Rev. Henry Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington; and it appears to have been remodelled and completed by William Gill Thompson in December 1824. To form a comparison with the Garland as it now stands, I give the finished portions of the sketch:—

1.

To all thy charming scenes, Old Tyne,
  Farewell! Outspread from shore to shore,
Deforming beauties, lately thine,
  See now bleak Winter's mantle hoar!
No more thy skilful sons advance
  With joy the finny tribes to raise,
But look, with fond reverted glance,
  For milder skies and happier days.

2.

Not now as erst the enamour'd maid
  Trips lightly o'er the well-known plain,
To meet beneath the woodbine's shade
  Upon thy banks her faithful swain.
. . . . . .

4.

. . . . . .
His morning hymn amidst the dew.
  Torpid they pass the freezing hours
In deep recess . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Dissolving all chill Winter's snows.
. . . . . .

6.

And were I now o'er thee to wave,
. . . . . .
'Twould seem I trampled on the grave
. . . . . .

Thus, as I muse on days gone by,

. . . . . .

I see thee shorn of grace, and sigh,
Thankful for joys thou 'st given to me!

7.

. . . . . .

And see the snowflakes o'er it spread,
A silent tear steals from mine eye.
&c. &c. &c.

Thompson writes with the remodelled manuscript, "I think this will do."

Two hundred and ninety-two copies were printed for Emerson Charnley, April 12, 1825. Woodcut on title—Winter Scene, designed in India ink by William Collard, and engraved March 1, 1825, by Isaac Nicholson, for which he charged thirty shillings. After the disposal of the blocks used in this and the other Garlands, Mr Dodd, Charnley's successor, finding he had a few copies of all the other Garlands except this one, reprinted about twelve copies of it, using a woodcut on title—Angler wading, with rod and landing net; castle in the distance, to complete the sets, so that in the last issue this variation will be found. They have all been out of print for some time. The original block is in Bohn's possession, and appears in his edition of "Select Fables," p. 132.]

TUNE—"Good-night and joy be wi' you a "

FAREWELL, old Tyne! thy beauteous shores!
Farewell to all thy sylvan shades!
Bleak Winter now his fury pours,
And every much-loved haunt pervades.
No more thy healthy sons advance
With joy thy finny tribes to raise,
But look with fond reverted glance
To milder skies and happier days!

No more the sweet enamour'd maid
Trips lightly o'er the well-known plain,
To meet, beneath the woodbine's shade,
Upon thy banks, her faithful swain.
Alone I mark thy waters glide,
Alone I greet their murmuring swell;
Upon thy wave-worn hallow'd side
Alone I breathe my brief farewell

The leaves have left each parent tree,
The fragrant flowers have bloom'd to die,
The star-like daisy's left the lea;
There's naught to greet my weary eye!
No more the woodbine sheds afar
Its sweets along the scented lanes;
Now hail and sleet and bleak winds war
Tumultuous o'er thy joyless plains.

Thy trouts have fled their favourite haunts,
No more they spring to greet my view,
As when the herald-warbler chants
His morning hymn amid the dew!
Apart they pass their torpid hours,
In deep recess no Fisher knows,
Till lovely Spring revives thy bowers,
Dissolving all chill Winter's snows!

Mine own sweet stream! thy rugged shores
Are stripp'd of all their vesture sheen,
And dark December's fury roars
Where grace and loveliness have been!
Stream of my heart! I cannot tread
Thy shores so bleak, so barren now;
They seem as though thy joys were dead,
And cloud with care my cheerless brow!

And, moving on thy banks to wave
Aloft my lightsome rod of power,
To me seems trampling on the grave
Of many a bright and happy hour!

Thus, as I muse on days gone by,
I cannot time my thoughts to glee;
To see thee sad without a sigh
Were base ingratitude in me!

And as I stand upon thy shore
And see the snow-flakes o'er it spread,
I think upon that vesture hoar
Which Time may fling upon my head;
And as I mark thy cheerless rush,
A silent tear steals from mine eye,
For then I think upon the gush
Of Time into Eternity!

Symbolic stream! how deep the truth
Thy rapid flight to me reveals!
So from the sunny fields of youth
To frozen age our progress steals!
And as thy softly murmuring wave
Is lost in boundless ocean's roar,
So man descends into the grave,
And sees his fellow-man no more!

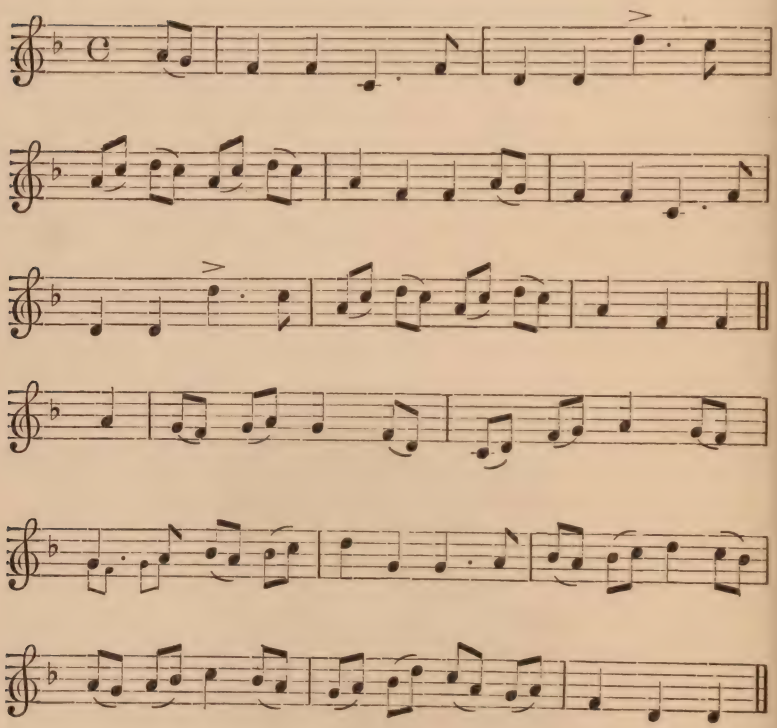
But soon, sweet stream! thy leafless bowers
Will bud in vernant beauty fair,
And on thy banks the fragrant flowers
Will shed their balm upon the air!
The birds, amid their leafy boughs,
Will sing melodious far and near;
And in thy shades the lover's vows
Fall sweetly on his loved one's ear!

And I, upon thy banks, once more
With joy will hail each lovely scene,
Glance all thy countless beauties o'er,
And be as blithe as I have been!
But *now*, sweet stream! I cannot tread
Thy shores so bleak, so barren now;
They seem as though thy joys were dead,
And cloud with saddening care my brow!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

December 1824.

"GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1825.

The Auld Fisher's Fareweel to Coquet.

[Two hundred and ninety copies were printed for Emerson Charnley, March 26, 1825, and "one hundred copies presented to the author," (Robert Roxby,) though the Garland is the joint production of Roxby and Doubleday. Woodcut on title—landscape with angler plugged in—by Isaac Nicholson. Published in "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"Gramachree."

COME bring to me my limber gad
I 've fish'd wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear;
The sunbeams glint on *Linden-Ha'*,
The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn
On the streams that I like best.

I 've thrawn the *flee* thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' monie a speckled Troutie kill'd
Wi' *heckle*, heuk, an' hair;
An' now I 'm auld an' feeble grown,
My locks are like the snaw,
But I 'll gang again to Coquet-side,
An' take a fareweel thraw.

O Coquet! in my youthfu' days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes
The bonnie birdies sang;
But streams may rin, an' birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me,
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see.

But, ance again, the weel-kenn'd sounds
My minutes shall beguile,
An' glistering in the airly sun
I 'll see thy waters smile;
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
An' Age forget his pain,
An' ance mair, by sweet Coquet-side,
My heart be young again.

Ance mair I 'll touch wi' gleesome foot
Thy waters clear and cold,
Ance mair I 'll cheat the gleg-e'ed trout,
An' wile him frae his hold;
Ance mair, at *Weldon's* frien'ly door,
I 'll wind my tackle up,
An' drink "Success to Coquet-side,"
Though a tear fa' in the cup.

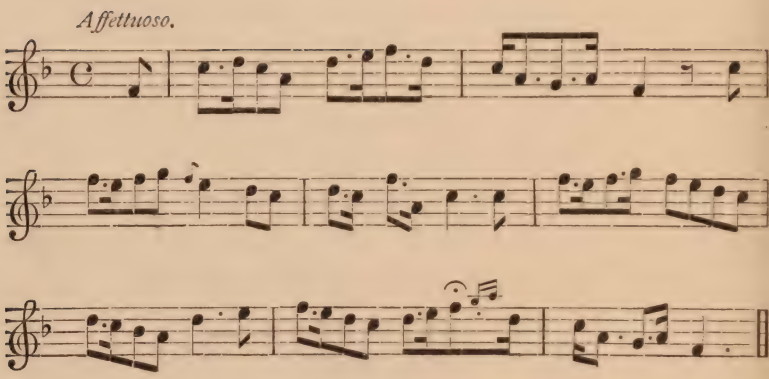
An' then fareweel, dear Coquet-side!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae linn to linn;

Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks through after-days,
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy Braes!

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1825.

"GRAMACHREE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1826.

"The Coquet for Ever!"

[Four hundred copies of this Garland, the joint production of Roxby and Doubleday, were printed for Emerson Charnley, April 15, 1826. Woodcut on title copied from vignette by Bewick, at p. 52, vol. ii. "British Birds," 1805, and engraved by Isaac Nicholson, for which he charged twenty-five shillings. "*Bewick was annoyed at the liberty.*" The same subject was re-engraved for the Garland for 1844. Published in the "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852, and the first and last stanzas in "Dibdin's Northern Tour."]

TUNE—"Oh, whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad."

I HAVE sung thee, clear Coquet,—I'll sing thee again,
From *Harden's* bleak fell to the deep-rolling main,
And the *Alwine* and *Wreigh* in the garland shall shine,
For they mix, lovely river, their waters wi' thine.
In my youth I have danced on your bonny green braes;
In my old age I think on these dear happy days;
In your streams I have angled, and caught the scaled fry,
And your streams they shall live, tho' their beds should run dry.
CHORUS—*And your streams, &c.*

I will sing of the Coquet, the dearest of themes,
The haunt of the Fisher, the first of a' streams;
There 's nane like the Coquet in a' the king's land,
From the cliffs of famed Dover to North Britain's strand;

The Coquet for ever, the Coquet for aye!
The *Woodhall* and *Weldon*, and *Felton* so gay,
And *Brinkburn* and *Linden*, wi' a' their sweet pride,
For they add to the beauties of dear Coquet-side.
For they, &c.

The Fishers for ever, the Fishers for aye!
The Summer is coming, cold Winter 's away;
Come, lads, don your jackets, get ready your creels,
Your hooks and your heckles, your gads and their wheels;
There 's nought at *Newcastle* but tumult and noise,
There 's health at the Coquet, and fishing's calm joys,
And a thousand dear prospects will gladden our e'e
When wading the water and *thrawing the flee.*
When wading, &c.

The Fishers for ever, the Fishers for aye!
Oh! who like the Lads o' the Creel shall be gay?
If variety 's charming, then fishing 's the best,
Each turn and each stream has its different zest;
The gale when it blows, and the sun when he smiles,
And the clouds when they frown, help a fisherman's wiles;
He meets a fresh flower every step of his way:
The Fishers for ever, the Fishers for aye!
The Fishers, &c.

Oh! how should a Fisherman ever be old?
There 's wrinkles in Glory, there 's wrinkles in Gold,
And Love has his sorrows as well as his joys,
And Power is made up but of glitter and noise;

Such gewgaws as these let the Fisherman scorn,
He 's *glorious* at night, and light-hearted at morn,
With a cheek full of health, be it hot, be it cold,
Oh! how should a Fisherman ever be old?

Oh! how, &c.

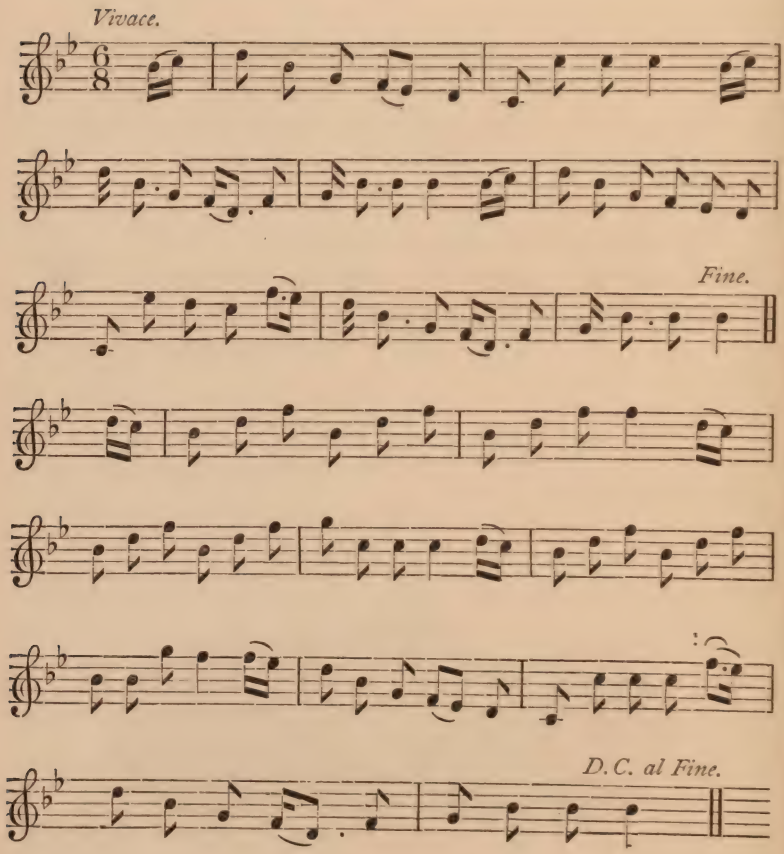
The Coquet for ever, the Coquet for aye!
The Coquet, the King o' the stream an' the brae,
Frae his high mountain throne to his bed in the sea,
Oh! where shall we find such a River as he?
Then blessings be on him, and lang may he glide,
The Fisherman's home, and the Fisherman's pride;
From *Harden's* green hill to old *Warkworth* sae gray,
The Coquet for ever, the Coquet for aye!

The Coquet, &c.

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1826.

"OH, WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD!"



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1827.

The Fisher's Call.

[Originally bearing the title of "The Fisher's Call" for 1827; subsequently altered to "The Fisher's Garland," by William Greene. Three hundred copies were printed for Emerson Charnley. Woodcut on title altered from vignette at p. 154, "Select Fables," 1820. Verses 1, 4, 6, 7, 10, 11, and 12 were published in the "Newcastle Magazine" for May 1822, signed "Izaak Walton the younger." The only variation in the verses, exclusive of number, is in the third line of the first verse, where (in the Magazine copy) "bright glancing rain" is written, instead of "warm sunny rain."]

THE winter blast's dead and the spring breezes blow;
If the haughs are patch'd white, 'tis with daisies, not snow;
The earth for foul sleet drinks the warm sunny rain;
Then, my boys, let us off to the Coquet again.

Down the hills leap bright feeders released from their chains;
The very dry heather feels blood in its veins;
All nature is stirring; strong lambs on the lea,
Blithe birds on the bough, shew how backward are we.

The primrose peeps out on the edge of the burn,
With a doubtful pale face lest old Hyems return;
Whilst the delicate perfume betrays it as clear
That her purple-frock'd playfellow hides herself near.

The bloodhounds of glory, unkennelling now,
Are taking the field, as we fishers will do;
But with fly-rods, not muskets, we march to attack,
And no knapsack for us, but the creel at the back.

The skylark and blackbird our bugles shall blow,
And the roll of our drums be the river's hoarse flow;
Our flags are unfurling on every tree;
And I think we all guess where our quarters shall be.

The waters curl freely beneath the west gale,
And come down from the moors like the berry-brown ale;
Unfish'd are the slacks and unthrash'd are the streams,
And we 'll make our exploits beat our sanguinest dreams.

We'll tempt them with black, and we'll tempt them with gray;
Ay, the skeggers shall yield if they come in our way;
We 'll raise them in shallow, we 'll raise them in deep,
In the pool's smoothest stretch and the stream's roughest sweep.

There 's not a rude brae which the current makes wroth,
Nor an angry eddy, bewhirling in froth,
Nor a single old stone with a white beard of foam,
But shall pay for our visit before we win home.

Our flies will sweep here and our flies will float there,
As we try all the sleights of hook, feather, and hair;
Quick jerking out small and slow leading out great;
Nor cease till gall'd shoulders complain of the weight.

The minnow in summer its monsters can kill,
And the worm loads your pannier when nothing else will ;
But give me the spring-time, the light-dropping hackle,
And the masterly cast with the finest of tackle.

Like a sensitive nerve is the long, taper line,
That doth from the tenuous fly-rod decline ;
And the leap of the fish, with electrical start,
Strikes swift through the hand, on the high-bounding heart.

When the gods deign to hear our petitions of bliss,
Though we frame each a first, our joint second is this,
In the sweet-flowing waters of Coquet to stand,
With the creel on the back, and the rod in the hand.

WILLIAM GREENE.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1827.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1828.

The Fisher's Call.

[Written by Thomas Doubleday for one of Mr Alaric Watts's "*Annual Souvenirs*," and introduced by Mr Charnley to fill a hiatus in "the Garlands." Air—"*Bob and Joan.*" Three hundred copies printed for Emerson Charnley, Nov. 25th, 1829. Wood-cut on title as altered from vignette at p. 142, "Select Fables," 1820. Block in Bohn's possession, introduced p. 101, "Walton's Angler," 1856, as Bewick's. Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"Bob and Joan."

THE thorn is in the bud,
The palm is in the blossom,
The primrose, in the shade,
Unfolds her dewy bosom;
Sweet *Coquet*'s purling clear,
And summer music making;
The trout has left his lair:
Then waken, fishers, waken.

The lav'rock's in the sky,
And on the heath the plover,
The bee upon the thyme,
The swallow skimming over;
The farmer walks the field,
The seed he's casting steady;
The breeze is blowing west:
Be ready, fishers, ready.

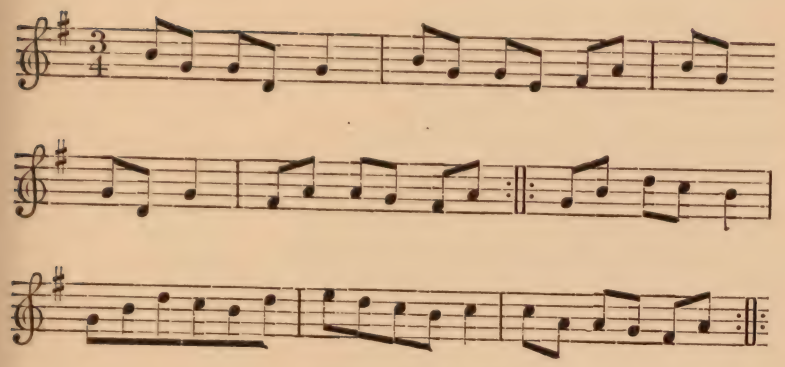
The violet 's in her prime,
And April is the weather ;
The partridge on the wing,
The muircock in the heather ;
The sun 's upon the pool,
His mornin' radiance wasting,
It 's glittering like the gold :
Oh ! hasten, fishers, hasten.

The *Felton* lads are up,
They 're lookin' to their tackle,
The sawmon 's in the stream,
And killing is the hackle.
If there 's a feat to do,
'Tis *Weldon* boys should do it ;
Then up an' rig your gads,
And to it, fishers, to it.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1828.

"BOB AND JOAN."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1829.

The Old Fisher's Challenge.

[By Thomas Doubleday. Three hundred copies printed for Emerson Charnley. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette, at p. 60, "Select Fables," 1820; two horses and rider expunged, and Angler plugged in. Published in "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"Boyne Water." (Old Set.)

OH! let it be in April-tide,
But one of April's best,
A mornin' that seems made o' May,
In dews an' sunshine drest;
Frae off the Crags o' *Simonside*,
Let the fresh breezes blaw,
And let auld *Cheviot's* sides be green,
Albeit his head be snaw.
CHORUS—*Frae off the Crags, &c.*

Let the stream glitter i' the sun,
The curl be on the pool,
The rash gale rufflin' aye its face
Aneath the Alders cool:
Or if the Spring will have her clouds,
Then let them pass me soon;
Or, if they take a thought and stay,
Then let it be at noon.
Or if the Spring, &c.

Oh ! freshly from his mountain holds
Comes down the rapid *Tyne;*—
But *Coquet*'s still the stream o' streams,
So let her still be mine ;
There's mony a sawmon lies in *Tweed,*
An' mony a trout in *Till;*
But *Coquet—Coquet* aye for me,
If I may have my will.

There's mony a sawmon, &c.

Let it be "stream an' stream about,"—
Or if that mayna be,
Take off old *Coquet* where ye like
From *Thirlmore* to the sea ;
But leave to me the streams I love,
The streams that know my hand,
An' "weight to weight" with the best he
That's in *Northumberland.*

But leave to me, &c.

Let me begin at *Brinkburn's* stream,
Fast by the Ruins gray,
An' end at bonny *Eely-haugh,*
Just wi' the endin' day.
My foremost *flee,* the *heckle* red,
My tried Rod springin' free,—
An' "creel to creel"—wi' ony man
In a' the *North Countrie!*

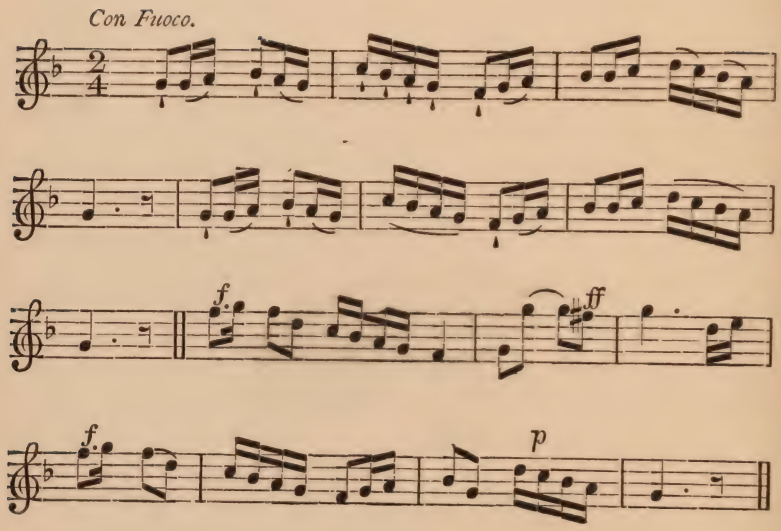
CHORUS.

My foremost flee, *the* heckle *red,*
My tried Rod springin' free,—
An' "creel to creel"—wi' ony man
In a' the North Countrie!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1829.

"BOYNE WATER." (OLD SET.)



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1830.

The Old Angler's Triumph.

[Though signed R. R., this Garland is from the pen of Thomas Doubleday, revised (?) by Roxby. No record of the number of copies printed, though Martin (Bibliographical Catalogue) mentions three hundred. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 70. "Select Fables," 1820. Published in "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"Auld Sir Simon."

AT *Shilmore* they 're guid at the mennim ;
At *Felton* they 're guid at the flee ;
Lang *Rothbury's* streams for the brandlin' ;
But *Weldon*, old *Weldon* for me !
The *Sharperton* codgers are cunnin' ;
At *Thropton* they 're guid at a thraw—
But up wi' the bonnie red heckle,—
The heckle that tackled them a' !

CHORUS—*But up, &c.*

The Black-flee is guid when it 's airly ;
The May-flee is deadly in Spring ;
The Midge-flee may do in fair weather ;
For foul, Sawmon-roe is the king ;—
But let it be late or be airly,
The water be drumly or sma',
Still up wi' the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a' !

Still up, &c.

In April, they thresh'd for a wager,
Through June, they were trollin' like mad,
The shade-fishin' skulkers in July
Went slinkin' for what could be had;
An' every man cam wi' his pannier,
An' wha' but maun gie them the wa'?
Till they heard o' the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a'!

Till they, &c.

There was some they went out in the gloamin',
And some they got up wi' the lark;
Some poach'd wi' a net i' the morning,
An' some they laid traps i' the dark:
But that for their meshin' and threshin'!
Fish fair, or contrary to law;
Still it 's up wi' the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a'!

Still it 's up, &c.

The *Tweed* he may brag o' his sawmon,
An' blaw of his whitlins the *Till*,
There 's pikes i' the pools o' *Reed-water*,
But *Coquet* 's the top o' them still;
So fill up your broad brimmin' glasses,
An' fishermen stand in a raw,
An'—Success to the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a'!

An'—Success, &c.

There 's wine i' the cellars o' *Weldon*,
If ye ken the turn o' the key;
There 's bonnie braw lasses on *Coquet*,
If ye ken the blink o' their e'e;
There 's braw yellow trouts up at *Brinkburn*,
If ye ken the place where to thraw;
So here 's to the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a'!

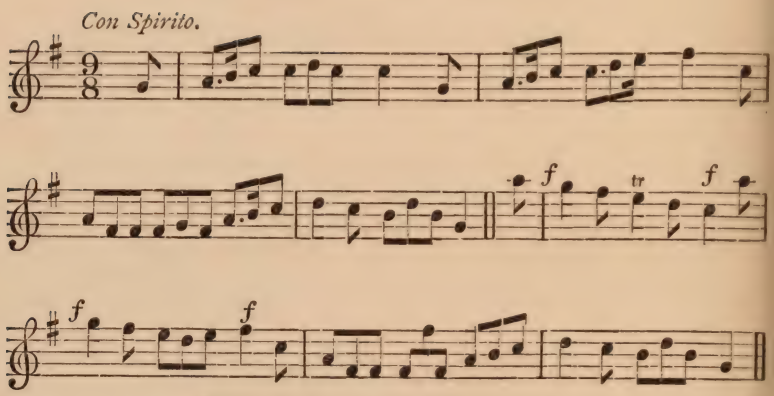
CHORUS.

So here's to the bonnie red heckle,
The heckle that tackled them a'!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *August* 1830.

"AULD SIR SIMON."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1831.

The Tyne Fisher's Call.

[By William Gill Thompson. No record of number of copies, though Martin mentions three hundred. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 68, "Select Fables," 1820. Thompson writes, under date April 12, 1830: "I send you a 'Call,' the produce of last night. If you like it, you know what to do with it; if you *do not* like it, you also know what to do with it," &c. In the 8th and 9th stanzas he toasts his *collaborateurs*:—

"And him—we'll drink to him," * &c.
"And next to him† the loftier muse!" &c.]

TUNE—"There 's nae luck," &c.

THE snow has left the verdant heights
Which stand by rapid *Tyne*,
And spring invites the blithesome wights
Who wield the rod and line.
The sun is glancing on the stream;
The lav'rock seeks the sky;
Then rouse from each lethargic dream,
And forward, fishers, hie!

CHORUS.

Oh! gentle be the fisher's lot,
Untinged with grief or care—
In palace, hall—in lowly cot,
May joy his bosom share!

* Roxby.

† Doubleday.

Fresh blows the healthful breeze along
From mountain, lake, and lea,
And sweet—oh! sweet's the matin song
The warblers carol free.
The murm'ring stream invites to share
The sport its bosom yields—
Then, *Tyneside* fishers! forward, ere
The dew-drops leave the fields!

Oh! gentle be, &c.

Away, away!—and seek the haunts
Where we have often been:
The light-wing'd minstrel gaily chants
In every sylvan scene.
And may our lines as lightly fall
As falls his cheering lay—
Then, forward!—answer still the "call"
That bids us haste away.

Oh! gentle be, &c.

By *Bywell's Tower* and *Prudhoe's* steep,
In ruin frowning grey,
By shady *Derwent*, dark and deep,
Secure the shining prey.
Where *Gibside's* woods wave green in pride,
Where *Tanfield's* arch springs high;
Swift, reach the rovers as they glide,
And lure them as they lie.

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And when the day is "past his best,"
And thoughts of drought prevail,
We 'll e'en "drop in" for breathing rest,
And taste the nut-brown ale.
And as it passes calmly round
In reason's sober eye,
We 'll tell where best the trouts were found,
With *brandling* or with *fly*.

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And when the murky night draws on,
And gloomy clouds come o'er,
Without a sigh for what has gone,
We 'll mount our glitt'ring store;
And homeward with a heavy load,
A heart and bosom light,
We 'll seek again our bless'd abode,
And spend a fisher's night!

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And, as the bumpers fast we drain,
We 'll drink to fishers rare,
And blithely raise the jocund strain,
The sweet and homely air.
And still the toast shall gaily pass
To manhood firm and free,
And one full, bright, bewitching glass,
Oh! Woman dear, to thee!

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And him—we 'll drink to him* who long
Hath pour'd us many a lay,
And wish that still his heartsome song
May cheer his latest day:
What though on other streams he chose
To pour his fervid strains,
Where yet, *Old Tyne!* thy current flows,
His well-tried worth remains!

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And, next to him†—the loftier muse!
Who, swan-like, leads the throng—
We 'll drink to him a health profuse,
And *varied* as his song:
And when the charms of other vales
Shall haunt his soul no more,
He 'll shed his rays around the dales
By *Tyne's* sequester'd shore.

Oh! gentle be, &c.

And when the midnight chime is heard
Announcing morning near,
We 'll briefly speak the parting word,
And raise the parting cheer!
And then to rest with bosoms gay,
With heads and hearts both sound;
Till dawn-light glimmers into day,
And sunshine smiles around.

* Robert Roxby.

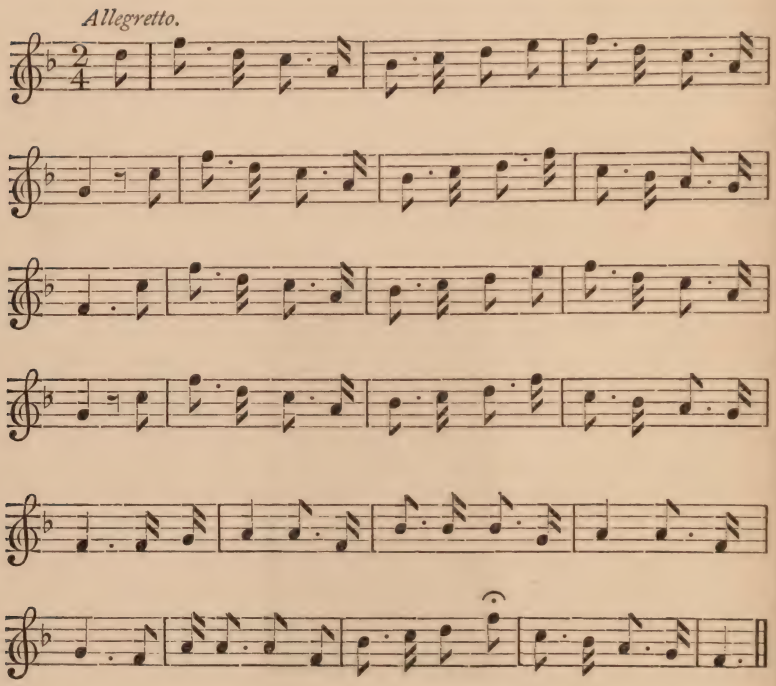
† Thomas Doubleday.

Then forth again, like fishers strong,
To seek the haunts by Tyne,
And blithely, as he rolls along,
To wield the rod and line!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 10, 1831.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1832.

The Fisher's Invitation to his Friend in Newcastle.

[The joint production of Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday. No record of the number of copies printed, though Martin gives three hundred. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette, p. xl., "Select Fables," 1820. Block now in Bohn's possession, introduced at p. 42, "Walton's Angler," 1856, and at p. 274 in "Hofland's Angler's Manual," 1848, as Bewick's. Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. This terminated the first collective issue, which was very limited in number. The Garlands were sold separately at sixpence each.]

TUNE—"Tak' your auld Cloak about ye."

THE snaws are gane frae haugh and hill,
An' *Coquet's* streams rin merrily;
An' mony a troutie we will kill
If thou 'll but gang an' fish wi' me;
I 've bought a creel, I 've bought a gad,
Brass wheel an' line, and tackle rare;
We 'll wile the Skeggar frae his haud,
An' pou him out wi' heuk and hair.

I saw twa Fishers frae *Linsheels*,
This verra day they spak wi' me,
But Thursday gane they fill'd their creels,
The trouts they lap sae eydently.

The pools are glitterin' i' th' beam—
  The primrose blooms at *Brinkburn Ha'*,
The sawmon 's lyin' in the stream,
  An' westlin' breezes saftly blaw.

The lav'rock 's liltin' i' the sky,
  And hails the gentle genial spring;
A' nature now is rife o' joy,
  An' hill an' glen wi' music ring;
Then grip thy gad, and don thy creel;
  For ilka thing there 's time an' tide;
Thraw beuks and bizz'ness to the Deil,
  An' gang awa' to *Coquet-side.*

"A penny saved 's a penny got,"
  An' penny greed aft makes the man,
An' aye it seems to be our lot
  To toil for gear, do what we can.
Some end as puir as they began;
  Some dee puff't up wi' worthless pride;
But, rich or puir, "life 's but a span,"—
  An' we 'll enjoy 't at *Coquet-side.*

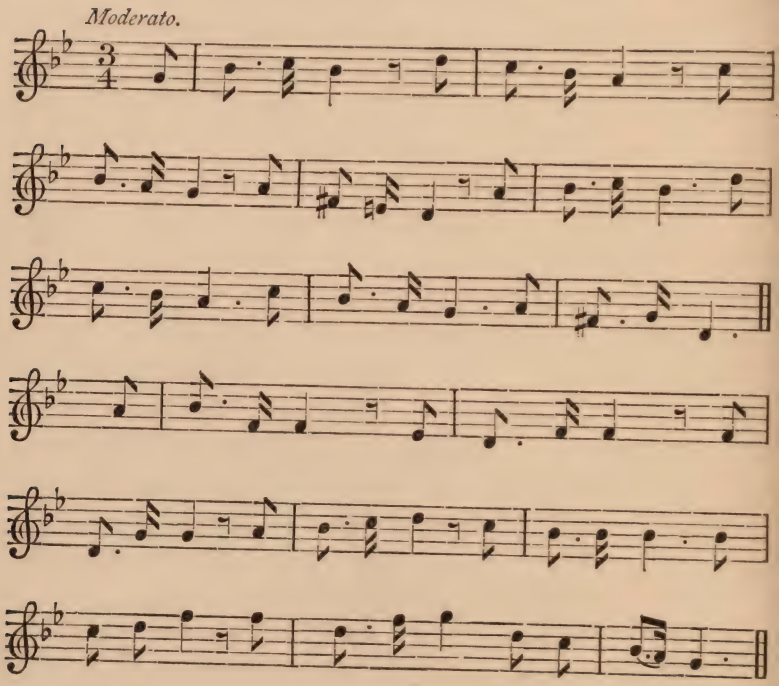
There 's mony a ane has siller ore,
  That finds it downa make him smile;
There 's mony a ane has gowden store,
  Wha wears a heavy heart the while.
It 's guid, sometimes, to stay an' toil;
  It 's guid, sometimes, to wander free;
Folk loup the dyke when there 's nae stile;—
  Sae aff to *Coquet-side* wi' me.

A man may glow'r in mony a beuk,
An' after a' may end an Ass;
A man may have a hidin' neuk,
An' yet be twined o' a' his brass;
A man may win a tocher'd lass,
An' find her but a canker'd bride;
It 's pleasure gars the warld pass,—
Sae up, an' aff to *Coquet-side.*

ROBERT ROXBY.
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 1832.

"TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE."



AT this juncture the Garlands appear to have come to a stand-still until 1842, when William Gill Thompson resuscitated and remodelled an unpublished effort of Robert Nichol's, and placed it in the publisher's hands. Thompson writes to Garret, December 1824, (no doubt with a view to continuously inserting Nichol's Garland at that date,) "I have now, I think, made all the alterations which I imagine can be made without re-writing the piece. If you should determine upon printing it, will you be kind enough to let me see a *proof*, that I may satisfy myself with the punctuation?" However, they appear to have lain dormant till March 1842, when Thompson encloses Nichol's amended manuscript with the following note:—"I think you may send poor Bob into the printer's hands; as for the additions, of course dead men are past complaining." Here is one stanza of Nichol's original composition, shewing that Thompson must have encountered tolerably uphill work to mould it into presentable form:—

> "When the sun in meridian breaks out, then he
> Sits down on the banks with the lunch on his knee.
> Tho' the banks of the Coquet are all very fine
> They can't be compared to the banks of the Tyne."

This "*Garland for* 1833" commenced the second collective issue, published in 1842, embracing the whole series from 1820 to 1845 inclusive, though from an advertisement it appears a few copies were issued terminating with the Garland for 1840.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1833.

The Angler's Delight.

[Originally written by Robert Nichol in 1820, and intended as the Garland for that year; remodelled in 1824 by William Gill Thompson, and issued in 1842 as the Garland for 1833. (Printed in its original form in Richardson's "Borderer's Table Book," 1846.) Two hundred and fifty copies printed for Emerson Charnley, March 25, 1842. Woodcut on title, as altered from vignette at p. 182, "Select Fables," 1820.]

TUNE—"The Ploughman."

WHEN the sunbeams are bright in the far eastern sky,
The Angler departs with his rod, line, and fly;
Of the vice of the town nor its folly he dreams,
For his soul is wrapp'd up in the sports of the streams.

A lunch in his pocket—a creel on his back,
Up Tyneside he wanders, ne'er minding a track;
Though colour'd the water, and cloudy the sky,
His mind 's full of hope when he puts on his fly.

The thrush it sings sweet in the blithe month of May,
And the air is perfumed with the early mown hay;
The flowers too are blooming luxuriantly wild,
And the breeze from the west comes delightfully mild.

Through the air go his flies—on the water they light,
As soft as if wings had assisted their flight;
The trout is deceived, and then "whiz" goes the wheel—
With a few plunges more, lo, he 's snug in the creel!

But now, when in glory the sun shines on high,
The fisher gives ease to his rod and his fly :
And, his frame in contentment, his heart full of glee,
He sits down on the banks with his lunch on his knee.

And as the fair stream rolls in majesty by,
With its song in his ear and its sheen on his eye,
He thinks, though the banks of the Coquet are fine,
They can't be compared to the banks of the Tyne !

Long, long may he think so—'tis nature that speaks
Her delight of the scenes where his pleasure he seeks:
The scenes which from boyhood have lived in his heart,
And *will* live till life and its blessings depart !

Now he fills up a bumper, with joy in his eye,
And he looks to the greensward, he looks to the sky,
He looks to the river whose beauties have bound him,
And wishes that long may it murmur around him.

Now, with spirits replenish'd and gay grateful heart,
The fisher intently continues his art ;
Till the sun, beaming westward, illumines the dome,
And the fisher thinks then of his friends and his home.

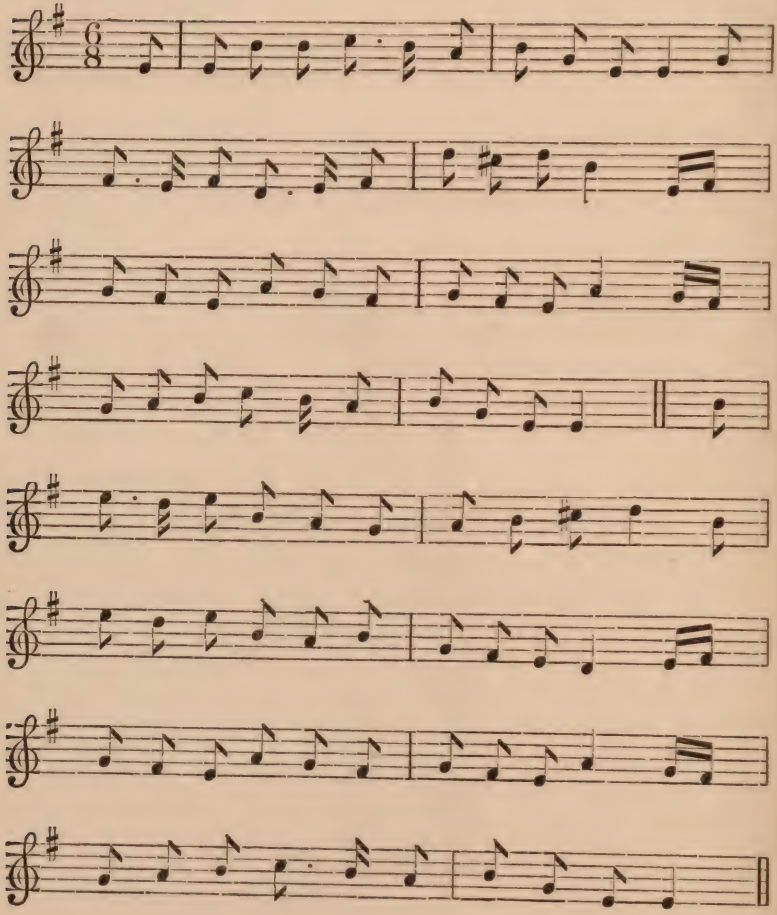
His creel now o'erflowing, in gladness he goes,
With firmness of nerve and with cheeks like a rose :
And, his spoils being examined, his compliments sends,
With a dish of the finest fresh trout to his friends.

Here 's success to the lad with the rod and the creel,
And may all joy attend him that mortals can feel;
With kindness and love, may the world on him look,
Nor seek to deceive him with treachery's hook!

ROBERT NICHOL.
WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *May* 1, 1833.

"THE PLOUGHMAN."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1834.

The Morning Invitation.

[By William Gill Thompson, who writes, under date March 21, 1842: "Feeling somewhat in the humour, I have thrown off the enclosed as a Garland *for some year.*" Two hundred and sixty copies printed for Emerson Charnley, April 1, 1842. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 230, "Select Fables," 1820.]

TUNE—"Ye Banks and Braes."

THE sun shines high o'er *Whickham's* woods,
And bright on *Ryton's* time-graced tower,
And balm and beauty breathe afar
From every soft and fragrant flower:
The *Tyne*—thy native stream!—flows on,
'Mid garden fair and greensward sweet,
And wafts, in course majestical,
Its glittering treasures to thy feet.

Then up! away! and taste the morn,
As now it breathes on brilliant *Tyne*,
And don the fisher's manly garb—
Assume the creel, the rod, the line,
And hie thee to the shining stream,
As, cool, it laves green *Ryton's* side,
And, with keen eye and practised hand,
Seduce the sparklers from the tide.

Then on!—where *Prudhoe's* time-worn walls
Still brave the blast and woo the breeze,
Where bright-wing'd birds, in melody,
Are warbling sweetly in the trees:
There lay thy true and gifted hand
All lightly on the stainless waters,
And strew each memory-haunting strand
Thick with its finny sons and daughters!

Then on!—where *Bywell's* hallow'd glades
In summer's splendour seem to hover;
Where sunshine bathes each balmy grove,
New sweets—new beauties—to discover:
There ply the art thou lov'st so well,
And, when thy stream its store has granted,
Survey, with glist'ning eye, the spoil
For which thy heart so thickly panted.

Then through each scene retrace thy steps
To where a bright, bless'd eye may mate thee!
Not bless'd the less because it had
Some ling'ring moments still to wait thee:
And tell it of thy morning's joy,
And tell it of thy mid-day's pleasure;
And clasp its owner to thy heart,
And say she is thy dearest treasure!

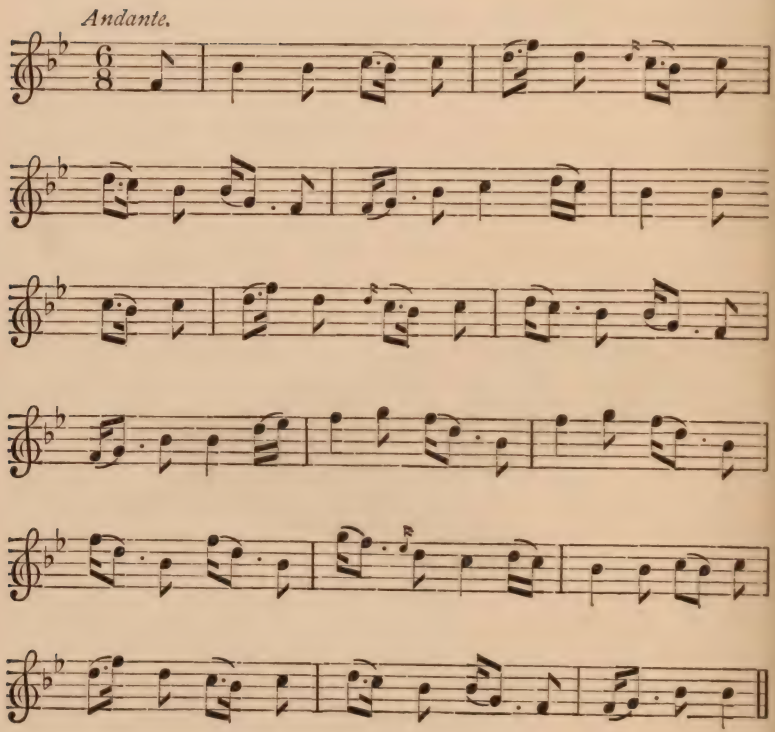
Thus shall thy day be spent as one
Who revels in the charms of nature—
As one to whom the genial air
Might add an increase of his stature:

And, at thy *hearth*, thy evening hour
Its race of radiance shall not cease—
For *there* thou 'lt feel, as night comes on,
The transports of domestic peace!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 28, 1834.

"YE BANKS AND BRAES."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1835.

My Glendale Friend, Will Reedy O!

AN ANGLER'S GREETING.

[By William Andrew Chatto, author of Stephen Oliver's "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland," "Rambles in Northumberland," and the literary portion of Jackson's "Wood-Engraving." Two hundred and sixty-four copies printed for Emerson Charnley, April 10, 1842. Wood-cut on title, as altered from vignette at p. 8, "Select Fables," 1820. To form some idea of the alteration in the blocks, the reader will do well to compare the cut on this Garland with the "Select Fables," as noted above. Chatto writes to Garret, (March 28, 1842,) "I enclose for your acceptance three other songs relating to angling, which you are at liberty to use as you please." This Garland was one of them, and the other two have been respectively inserted in the present edition as the Garlands for 1847 (Autumn number) and 1850. I have a proof of "My Glendale Friend, Will Reedy O!" printed on a single 8vo sheet, with press corrections, signed "Stephen Oliver," Chatto's *nom de plume*, inscribed "written in 1834."]

TUNE—"The Lea Rig."

O LET my hat be e'er sae brown,
My coat be e'er sae seedy O;
My whole turn-out scarce worth a crown,
Like gent's, well-bred, but needy O;
Yet still while I have got
Enough to pay the shot
Of Boniface, both gruff and greedy O,
I'll fill the sparkling cup,
And I'll drink it fairly up,
To my Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

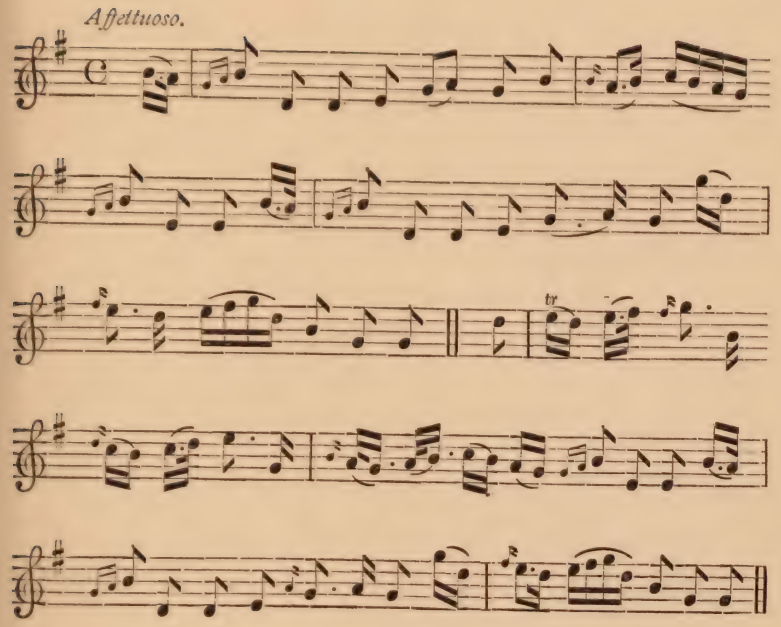
Away wi' carking care and gloom,
That make life's pathway weedy O!
A cheerful glass makes the flowers to bloom
And the lightsome hours fly speedy O;
Be merry but and wise,
Prize the minute as it flies,
And Sorrow never will heed ye O:—
Then put the goblet round,
With a Fisher's Garland crown'd,
To my Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

Three summers now ha'e fled sinsyne
We met where Glen runs speedy O;
Where ye on Cheviot mutton dine,
Wi' Cheviot fleeces cleed ye O;
Where ye wile, wi' meikle skill,
The braw trouties frae the Till,
To pleasure baith and feed ye O:—
Here 's the lads of Cheviot side!
Here 's of anglers all the pride—
My Glendale friend, Will Reedy O!

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO.

April 20, 1835.

"THE LEA RIG."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1836.

The Angler's Invitation.

[Another Garland by W. A. Chatto, which, with the following for 1837, had previously appeared in "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing." Two hundred and seventy-eight copies printed for Emerson Charnley, April 14, 1842. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 98, "Select Fables," 1820. Chatto writes: "You are perfectly welcome to print the two Songs from the 'Scenes and Recollections,' (Garlands for 1836 and 1837.) Only one of them was set to music—'The Fisher's Call.' I have a copy of the music, but I cannot at present lay my hands upon it." He further adds:—"From the lines which I transcribe on the opposite page, you will perceive that for some time past I have been a stranger to the pleasures of the Gentle Art."

"Lines written in the blank leaf of a copy of Hofland's 'British Angler's Manual,' presented to a friend, May 1841.

. . . . . 'Cœstus artemque repono.'

'No more the Angler's silent trade
I ply; aside my tackle's laid,
My hooks are rusted; of my flies
Consuming moths have made a prize.
At dewy morn, or twilight gray,
With rod in hand no more I stray
By Teviot, Bowmont, Kail, or Tweed;
By Liddel, Yarrow, Jed, or Reed;
By Glen or Coquet, Till or Tyne;
'Tis three years since I wet a line!
For fishing I am "off the hooks;"
I've also shelved my angling books;
Old Walton's page no more I con;
"Young *Stephen's* occupation's gone!"
Young Stephen *once*—now, well-a-day,
He's forty-two, and turning gray!'

"Stephen Oliver."

The above lines were printed in "Blakey's Angler's Song Book," 1855.]

Tune—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.'

THE wild bull his covert in *Chillingham* wood
Has left, and now browses the daisy-strew'd plain;
The May-fly and swallow are skimming the flood,
And sweet in the hedge blooms the hawthorn again;

The young lambs are skipping on *Cheviot's* broad mountain,
The heather springs green upon *Whitsun-bank* side;
The streams are as clear as the limestone-rock fountain,
And sweet is the palm-blossom's scent where they glide.

Oh, leave for a while the dull smoke of the city;
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky;
Sons of pleasure, come view the sweet primroses springing,
Leave the scene where the light figurantè whirls round;
Come, list to the lark in the blue ether singing,
Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound.

The glad trout is roaming in every clear stream,
And the grilse and the salmon now drink the May flood;
Then, anglers, be up with the sun's early beam,
Let your flies be in trim and your tackle be good;
In *Till* there's good store of fat trouts to be won,—
Let your skill load your creels as you wander along,—
And at night, as you tell of the feats you have done,
Cheer your talk with a cup of good wine and a song.

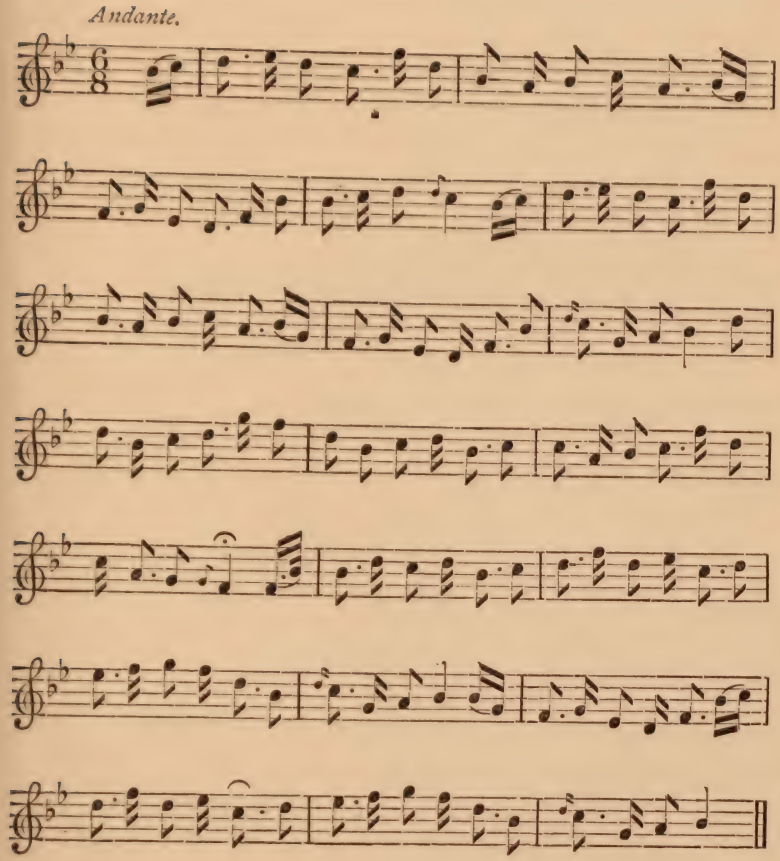
CHORUS.

Then leave for a while the dull smoke of the city;
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky.

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO.

May 2, 1836.

"JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1837.

The Fisher's Call.

[The third and last Garland by W. A. Chatto published in the original edition. Two hundred and seventy-four copies printed for Emerson Charnley, April 14, 1842, entitled "The Fisher's Call." As previously mentioned, it had already appeared in "Scenes and Recollections." Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 82, "Select Fables," 1820. Chatto writes, (April 6, 1842,) "I have just found the music of 'The Fisher's Call,' which I herewith forward.' We have no record of the air to which this song was set, as in the proof occurs the word "Tune ———."]

THE moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell;
Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,
And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

Oh, what can the joys of the angler excel,
As he follows the stream in its course through the dell!
Where every wild flower is blooming in pride,
And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,
In spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,

By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,
O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie,
Like the fall of a rose-leaf we 'll throw the light fly;
Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,
We 'll load well our creels and hie merrily home.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO.

May 3, 1837.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1838.

Summer Rambles; or, The Fisher's Delight.

[By William Gill Thompson. Two hundred and seventy-six copies printed for Emerson Charnley, May 6, 1842. I have not been able to trace the woodcut. In the manuscript the fourth stanza is thus originally written :—

"'Tis pleasant o'er the evening glass
To hear the blithesome song,
And drink the healths of honest hearts
We've known both well and long:
The Mitchells and the Roxbys rare,
The Garrets 'leal and true,'
The Doubledays, the Gillans, and
Our winsome Chatto too."

Thompson writes, "I have removed the names, and made the verse still to harmonise with the one which follows."]

TUNE—"There's nae luck about the house."

'TIS pleasant now, when sunlight fills
The odour-breathing air,
To murm'ring streams and shining brooks
In gladness to repair:
'Tis sweet to see the morning smile
Of fishers as they hie
To search the sparkling element
With taper rod and fly.

'Tis sweet to see the matchless charms
That gem around the scene—
The warblings of the air-borne birds
On outstretch'd wing serene:
To see the "glory of the grass,
The splendour of the flower,"
As NATURE puts her freshness on
To gild each gladsome hour.

And when the evening time draws on,
And fill'd 's the well-form'd creel,
And thoughts of home upon the heart
With gladdening ray will steal:
'Tis pleasant to the angler's soul
To raise his shining load,
And with his taper rod and reel
To take his homeward road.

'Tis pleasant, o'er the evening glass,
To hear the blithesome song,
And drink the healths of honest hearts
We 've known both well and long:
Who 've haunted all the sweetest spots
Of our delightful stream,
With zest as indescribable
As youth's delicious dream!

And still, as onward rolls the hour,
And recollections, kind,
Come back, with soften'd hues and forms,
And light the thinking mind,

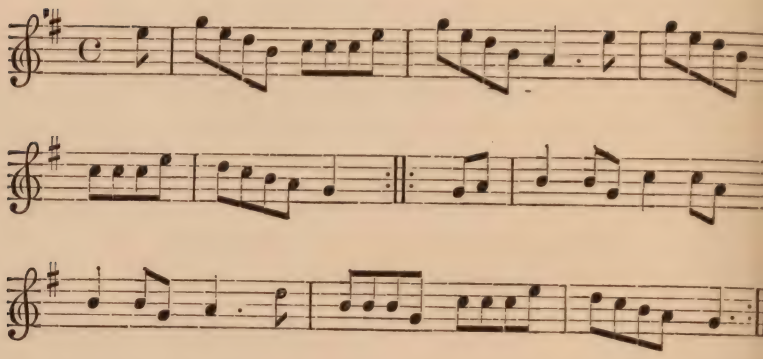
'Tis sweet to quaff a cup to those—
The Dead—the Gone-away—
With whom we 've spent, in manhood's prime,
Oh, many a happy day!

Then blessings on the anglers true;
Contented may they live;
With every grace and every good
That bounteous earth can give:
Success crown every manly heart,
And every gifted hand,
As by the silent streams they take
Their joy-inspiring stand!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 16, 1838.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1839.

The Auld Fisher's Invitation to Supper.

[By William Gill Thompson ; entitled, in the manuscript, "The Auld Fisher's Invitation to Supper ; or, *The memory of other days ;*" which latter title was expunged. Two hundred and seventy-six copies printed May 9, 1842. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 278, "Select Fables," 1820. For music, see Garland for 1832.]

TUNE—"Tak your auld cloak about you."

COME, friend, and take an angler's treat,
And take a social friendly glass,
And, blithe and gay, we 'll spend the night,
As fishers' nights should always pass :
We 'll call to mind the early days
We 've spent beside the "coaly *Tyne*,"
With rod in hand and hope in heart,
Though vanish'd now, alas ! lang syne.

Come, leave your musty books a while,
Your bauld, disjointed, blund'ring rhymes,
And let us talk of other scenes,
And former bless'd and happier times :
Come, let us talk of other years,
Ere yet our eyes to weakness turn'd,
In the sweet hope at last to find
Where Learning's torches brightest burn'd.

Let 's talk about the sunny vales
We 've trod, with hearts all wild, together,
By rolling *Tyne's* enlivening sides
In glorious Summer's matchless weather:
When on each object fair to view
We cast our deeply-glistening eyes,
Or laugh'd aloud till echo woke
Beneath the bright and sounding skies.

Come, come, no more of books, no more
Of paper, smooth and pure, to-night;
We 'll spread a happier *sheet* to view,
More truly welcome to the sight:
And on its ample surface fair
No tropes obscure shall dimly shine,
But sparkling trouts, all deftly caught,
From out our own majestic *Tyne!*

And as the strangers, each by each,
With zest shall promptly disappear,
We 'll drink a glass to that rich stream
Which furnish'd forth our social cheer:
We 'll toast each true and happy man
Who wanders by its much-loved side,
And draws, with skill, its treasures forth,
As calmly on, in peace, they glide.

And when the cloth 's removed and all
Its savoury occupants are gone,
We 'll sit around the cheerful hearth
And talk, anew, of many a one:

And, as we warm in heart, and as
The radiant fancy round us plays,
We 'll fill the glass brim-full and drink—
THE BRILLIANT LIGHTS OF OTHER DAYS!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 22, 1839.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1840.

A Day by the Side of the Fast-Flowing Tyne.

[William Gill Thompson's last Garland. He writes, (May 2, 1842,) "I have now done my best for the Garlands, and I have sent you up the others for preservation." Two hundred and seventy-six copies were printed March 14, 1842, for Emerson Charnley. Woodcut on title as used at p. 94, "Select Fables," 1820. It would appear from an advertisement (already mentioned) that a limited number of the series was issued at this time, terminating with the Garland for 1840. "The Garlands for 1833 to 1840 are just printed for the first time."]

TUNE—"Derry down."

COME, my lads, from your pillows spring, open your eyes,
And look out the best of your rods and your flies:
Cast care far behind you—let sorrow go pine—
For we swear we 'll be off to the Banks of the *Tyne*.

But, first, let the board be spread, ample and wide,
For there 's no fun in fasting, whatever betide:
Let the eggs come in clusters, the coffee in streams,
And the ham, tongue, and fowl, fade away like your dreams.

Now a "caulker," the finest, of rich mountain dew,
To add zest to our spirits and strength to our view;
Then away! like true sons of the angle we 'll shine,
With our rods, creels, and lines, on the Banks of the *Tyne*.

Where *Newburn* lies bright, in the rich morning time,
With its age-sprinkled turret, all calm and sublime,
We 'll start like keen fishermen, up to the chase,
Determined no fugitive beats us the race.

Then on will we ramble to *Wylam's deep holes*,
Where the large heavy trout lie together in shoals,
And we 'll hook them, and creel them, and make the glades ring,
As with hearts, like our rods, all elastic, we 'll sing.

Ha! here 's *Ovingham*, famed, where the *Great Bewick* lies,
Once so dext'rous at handling the bonny brown flies,
As he roved, in his youth, by the side of the streams
Which he afterwards hallow'd in glory's bright beams!

May his mem'ry be bless'd where he lies by the side
Of his own rapid river, his glory and pride;
Few graced it as he did throughout his bright day,
And—so—fitting it is he should live in our lay.

We 'll visit his streamlets, decorous in mood
To think that we stand where that Giant One stood;
But, how sacred soever the streamlet may be,
We 'll still hook "the natives" with hearts full of glee.

Then *Bywell's* deep pools of some "thumpers" we 'll drain,
While every new cast gives new mirth to the strain,
And the salmon lie splendid and bright to the eye,
And they take their last look of the stream and the sky.

Now, our creels being well fill'd, we will all form a truce,
For a true fisher never takes aught but for use ;
And we 'll leave the bright denizens, happy and gay,
Till we pay our next visit another grand day.

And we 'll off to the "*Matchem*," where TROTTER "hangs out,"
A rare hand and skilful at cooking a trout ;
And with salmon, ham-collops, and eggs, too, galore,
We 'll eat, drink, and sing, as we 've oft done before.

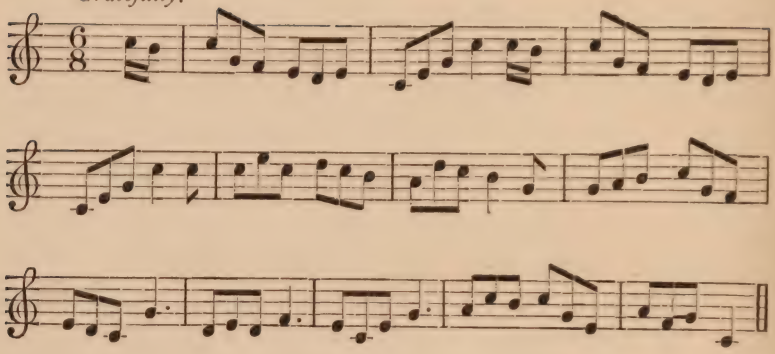
Then, when midnight draws nigh and the dial of fun
Shews how truly and blithe our gay course we have run,
We 'll stand, hand in hand, with our glasses at bay,
And we 'll drink—"TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING, HURRAH!"

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.

NEWCASTLE, *May* 1, 1840.

"DERRY DOWN."

Gracefully.



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1841.

The Auld Fisher's Last Wish.

[Again Doubleday and Roxby come to the rescue, and again are the Garlands continued. The manuscript is Roxby's, but the lyric is from Doubleday's pen. No record of the number of copies printed. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 164, "Select Fables," 1820; published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. The block is in Bohn's possession, introduced in "Walton's Angler," 1856, p. 67, and in Hofland's "Angler's Manual," 1848, p. xxi. as Bewick's.]

TUNE—"My Love is newly listed."

THE morn is gray, and green the brae; the wind is frae the wast;
Before the gale the snaw-white clouds are drivin' light and fast;
The airly sun is glintin' forth, owre hill, an' dell, an' plain;
And Coquet's streams are glitt'rin' as they rin frae muir to main.

At *Dews-hill Wood* the mavis sings beside her birken nest;
At *Haly-stane* the laverock springs upon his breezy quest,
Wi' eydent e'e, aboon the craigs, the glead is high in air,
Beneath brent *Brinkburn's shadow'd cliff* the fox lies in his lair.

There's joy at merry *Thristley-haugh*, the new-mawn hay to win;
The busy bees at *Todstead-shaw* are bringing hinny in;
The trouts they loup in ilka stream, the birds on ilka tree;
Auld Coquetside is Coquet still,—but there 's nae place for me.

My Sun is set, my eyne are wet; cauld Poortith now is mine;
Nae mair I 'll range by Coquet side, and thraw the gleesome line;

Nae mair I 'll see her bonnie streams in spring-bright raiment drest,
Save in the dream that stirs the heart, when the weary e'e 's at rest.

Oh ! were my limbs as ance they were, to jink across the green;
And were my heart as light again as sometime it has been ;
And could my fortunes blink again, as erst when youth was sweet,
Then Coquet—let what will betide—fu' soon we twa should meet.

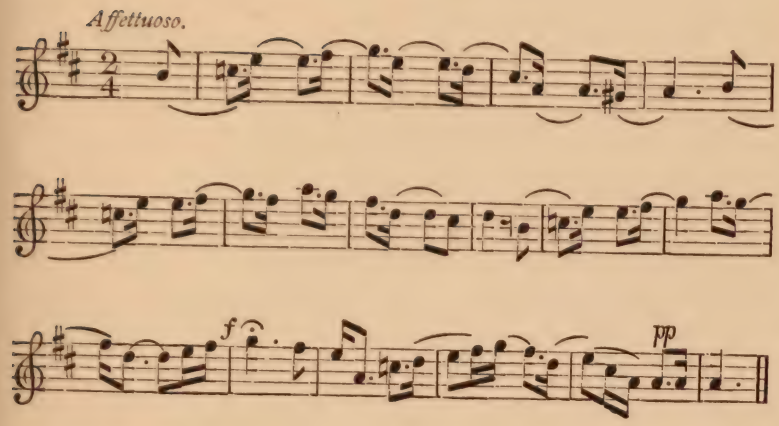
Or had I but the Cushat's wing, where'er I list to flee,
And wi' a wish, might wend my way owre hill, an' dale, an' lea;
'Tis there I 'd fauld that weary wing ; there gaze my latest gaze;
Content to see thee ance again,—then sleep beside thy Braes !

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *May* 1, 1841.

"MY LOVE IS NEWLY LISTED."

(NORTHUMBRIAN AIR.)



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1842.

Auld and Young.

[By Thomas Doubleday. Two hundred and fifty copies printed for Emerson Charnley, March 9, 1842, on Smith & Allnut's imitation paper, and twelve on genuine reprint paper. I have not been able to trace the woodcut. Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. Chatto writes to Garret (March 1842):—"I thank you for the Fisher's Garland for 1842, enclosed in your letter. If the writer be Robert Roxby, and he be yet in the land of the living,—at any rate R. R. is post-dated 1st May 1842, (alluding to this Garland, which was published March 9, and signed R. R., though dated May 1,)—I wish you would make my acknowledgments to him of the great pleasure which I have derived from his 'Evergreen Garlands,' as well as from his 'Reedwater Minstrel.'

"I regret that I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr Roxby personally, but if he be still in the land of the living, I hope to *have*; and pray that he may live in vigorous age, frosty but kindly, till I shall have an opportunity of accompanying him to the banks of dear Coquet.—Truly yours,

"Wm. A. Chatto."]

Tune—"Fie! gar rub her owre wi' strae!"

IT's Mayday this; the wale o' days;
The westlin' wind blaws saft an' free,
Far i' th' sky, their notes o' joy
The Lav'rock-quire are liltin' hie.
Hear them ye may, ye canna see!
The dew-drap sparkles on the thorn;
And nature says to ear and e'e,
"This is"—my boy,—"a simmer's morn."

Round *Shillhope-Law*, young Coquet's stream—
A half-grown Syke—is wimplin' wild:
She bids "guid morn" to *Barra Burn*,
Like child forgath'rin' in wi' child.

'Mang *Rowhope Craigs* the winds, beguiled,
An angry speat send down the vale,
And ower the Linn, wi' bickerin' din,
She 's foamin' like the heady ale!

'Neath *Harbottle's* auld castle wa',
Amang the cliffs she boils amain ;
Frae rifted rock to woody shaw ;
Frae stalwart craig to auld gray stane.
Down, speedin' hameward, she is gane
Past lanely *Hepple's* ruin'd peel ;
And wha begins aboon the whins,
At *Flotterton* may load his creel.

I canna climb the brent hill-side,
Where stripling Coquet first is seen ;
Where 'neath the *Bell-rigs'* shadow wide,
The silly sheep lie down at e'en ;
I canna climb the knowes, sae green,
Where round " the bend " the river steals,
Or where she wars, amang the scaurs,
Her weary way to rough *Linn-shiels*.

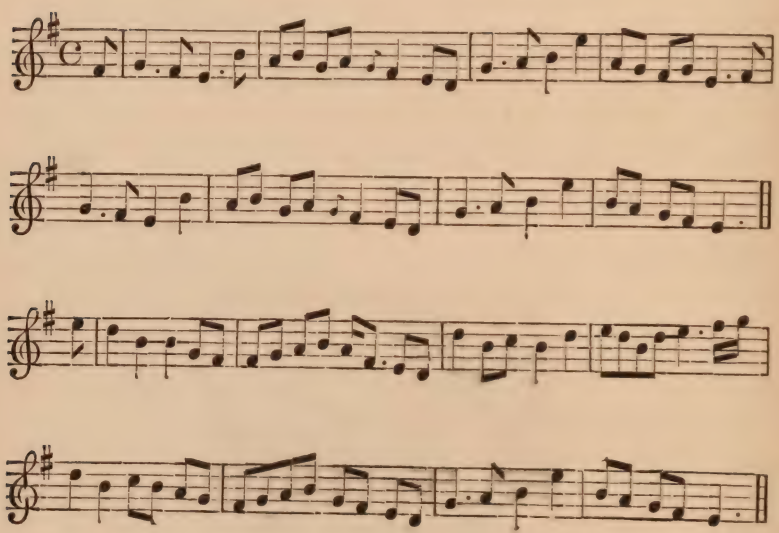
Still we can toddle, fit by fit,
To *Brinkburn* where the breeze hits fine ;
The auld man's nae sae crazy yet,
But he can thraw a winsome line.
'Gin there we fail, we 'se no repine;
When smelts are eydent, trouts are shy;
And i' th' slack, by the *dam-back*,
We 'se maybe raise a grilse forbye!

It 's ill the mountain side to speil,
When ance the knees begin to fail ;
When ance the snaws o' age we feel,
It 's ill to thole the mountain gale,
" Slaw wark maks sicker" 's an auld tale!
Where'er they loup we 'll tak our stand ;
An' thou shall say, Lad, mony a day,
" It 's weel to ken—the Maister's Hand."

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *May* 1, 1842.

"FIE! GAR RUB HER OWRE WI' STRAE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1842.

(Autumn Number.)

The Angler's Adieu for the Season.

[By Thomas Doubleday; corrected (?) by Robert Roxby. No record of the number of copies printed. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette at p. 168, "Select Fables," 1820; used in its present state at p. 168, Bohn's edition of "Select Fables." Compare the cuts. Though the idea conveyed in the four concluding lines is the same as that embodied in "The Marriage of the Coquet and Alwine," we must at least exempt the author of this Garland from the charge of plagiarism.

Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"The bonnie gray-eyed morn."

ADIEU to thee, dear Coquet-side! thou now art in thy prime;
Rejoicing in thy music and the echoes of thy hills!
Rejoice whilst yet thou canst rejoice! for soon shall come the time
When frosts shall sit upon thy crags and dry up all thy rills;
When winds shall blaw and storms shall fa' amang thy sources wild,
And drift on drift, all grimly heap'd, deform thy flowery plain,
Scarce struggling, slaw, beneath the snaw, thy waters now so mild,
And this maun be, dear Coquet-side, or ere I come again!

Adieu to thee, *Blindburn*, sae lone! upon thy braes sae green,
Thy sheep now bask the live-long day, aneath the brent hill-side;
And pleasant is the e'enin' hour, and pleasant is the scene,
To watch the Herd wend ower the sward at gloamin' eventide.

He stoops to drink upon thy brink; and as his shadow moves,
The scary trout glides swiftly out, to seek for shelter fain;
But winds shall sweep, an' rains swell deep, the waters that he loves;
And this maun be, dear Coquet-side, or ere we meet again!

Adieu to thee, *Linshiels* sae rough! amang thy beetlin' scaurs,
Aneath the beams the laughin' streams may sparkle an' may play;
Now bright in sun, now dark in shade, the water, as it wars,
Through rifted craig an' flood-worn cliff, its journey and its way.
As owre each linn, wi' gleesome din, the streams come gurglin' gay,
There let the troller wave his gad an' strike "the mennim" fain,
For soon the floods o' winter wild shall roar frae bank to brae;
And this maun be, dear Coquet-side, or ere I come again!

Adieu to thee, auld *Hepple Tower!* around thee, far an' wide,
The heather's purple on the muir, the bonnie whin's in bloom;
And thus it was by Coquet stream, beneath dark *Simonside*,
When mony a warrior, mould'rin' now, first found his Roman tomb.
Flow sweetly down, flow proudly down, thy wild expanded dale,
And twine an' glint aneath the sun, e'en like a siller chain;
For when December's tempests come, it 's a' of sma' avail;
And this maun be, dear Coquet-side, or ere we meet again!

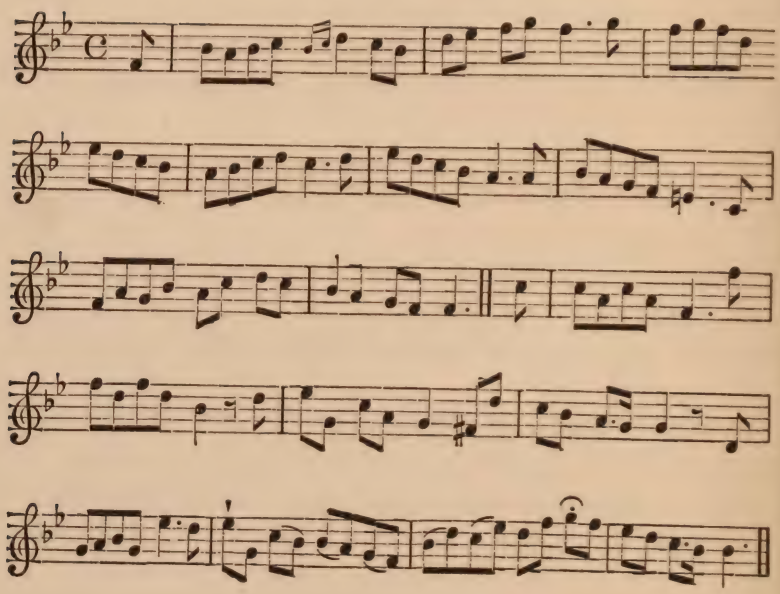
Adieu! adieu! sweet *Weldon brig!* the harvest on thy hill
Is waiting for the sickle's sweep, in a' its liveried gold;
And down by bonnie *Hedley-wood*, where creep the waters still,
The trout has made, aneath the shade, deep, deep, his simmer hold.
There, when the breeze just waves the trees, cast far an' fine "the flee,"
And let it drap as saftly as can drap the simmer rain;
For let the showers but shew their powers, all fruitless will it be;
And this maun be, dear Coquet-side, or ere I come again!

Adieu to thee, gay *Felton Park!* between thy yellow braes,
Lang may thy waters keep their course in stream an' spreadin' pool.
Adieu to woody *Acklington!* where aft the shadesman gaes
His silent sport to follow still beneath the boughs sae cool.
And last, adieu! grim *Warkworth Tower!* where Coquet, like a bride,
Beside her frowning guardian, to her Ocean Lord is ta'en!
Adieu, in all thy glorious garbs! adieu, sweet Coquet-side!
And be thou sure to shine as bright when next we meet again!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *September* 1, 1842.

"THE BONNIE GRAY-EYED MORN."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1843.

"Up the Wreigh!"

[The manuscript is Roxby's, signed R. R., Newcastle, March 31, 1843, though the song is by Doubleday. Two hundred and fifty copies printed, and twelve on old paper, for Emerson Charnley. Woodcut on title as altered from vignette, at p. 198, "Select Fables," 1820. Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. The tune called "John, come kiss me now," (to which this Garland is set,) is of great antiquity; but the words to which it was originally sung, with the exception of the chorus, seem to be lost, (though a version is printed in Dalyell's "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," Edinburgh 1801, p. 147.) At the Reformation an endeavour was made by the more zealous of the clergy to give a spiritual meaning to the songs in popular use, and thus to convert profane or licentious rhymes into holy hymns. Among the songs so metamorphosed was "John, come kiss me now;" and we quote a verse of it in its spiritualised garb, to shew the daring and unscrupulous lengths to which the early Reformers could go in combining familiar images with sacred. The effect is startling:—

"Johne, cum kiss me now,
Johne, cum kiss me now;
Johne, cum kiss me by and by,
And make no more adow.

"The Lord thy God I am,
That Johne dois thee call;
Johne represents man
By grace celestiall," &c.—WHITELAW'S SCOTTISH SONGS.

The following fragment appears in Herd's collection:—

"John, come kiss me now, now, now,
O John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And make nae mair ado.

"Some will court and compliment,
And make a great ado;
Some will make of their goodman,
And sae will I of you.

John, come kiss, &c.']

TUNE—"John, come kiss me."

YESTREEN, the clouds hung few an' mild,
An' saft as maidens when they weep;
Or gently lay on *Simonside*,
Like bairns that cry themselves to sleep;

But, now, out owre the mountain tap,
They 're sweepin' wi' an' angry sky;
The veerin' blast blaws dead south-wast,
—We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

There 's some awa' to *Sharperton;*
Frae *Alwinton* they 're owre the knowe:
Wi' "Mennim" some 's to do the deed;
An' some wi' "Heckles" like a towe.
They dinna ken the mist that hings,
Black—black—on *Rowhope-head* sae hie;
Where now it 's toom, they 'll seun a' soom—
—We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

There 's braw, lang Trouts aboon *Linn-shiels*,
Amang the scaurs they 'll haud their screen;
Deil scale the byke frae *Redlees-syke*,
Wi' wairsh moss-water black an' lean!
At *Harehaughturn* and *Keengie-burn*,
They 'll smell the weather i' the sky;
On *Carter-brow*, it 's sleetin' now—
—We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

It 's unco weel to fill the creel,
When wun's blaw saft, and fish loup fast;
But when the morn comes dank and dern,
It tak's anither kind o' cast!
When gusty swirls mak' cauldrife curls,
An' sweep the peuls, wi' sudden skreigh,
'Mang wund an' rain, it 's no that plain,—
—We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

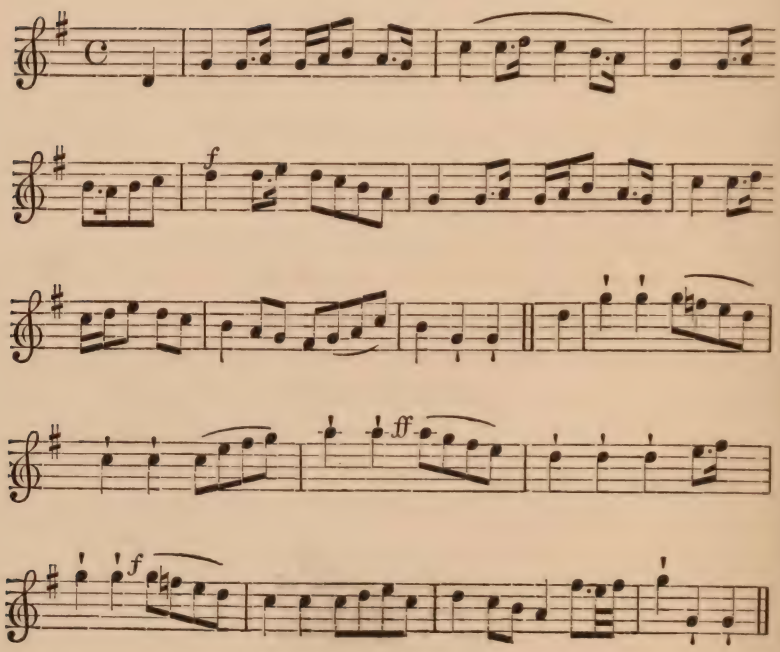
It 's gaily to the Norrid yet ;—
  See *Cheviot's* ridges, blue in air ;
Aboon his pow, the gales may row,
  But shem a cloud daur venture there.
Sae ye 'se put on your sawmon-roe,
  Whiles I a gowd-tail'd branlin' try ;
She 's comin' down, a bonnie brown,—
  —We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

At *Caistron-deeps*, they 're threshin' on,
  An' down by *Flotterton's* new Ha' ;
I'se wad a pund, when night comes round,
  That, creel for creel, we bang them a' !
It 's spittin' now at *Dewshill-wood ;*
  At *Hepple-peel* it 's far frae dry ;
There 's nane but feuls wou'd fish the peuls,—
  —We 'se cheat them a', an' up the *Wreigh!*

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *March* 31, 1843.

"JOHN, COME KISS ME."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1844.

The Fisher's Courtship.

[By Thomas Doubleday, though the manuscript is Roxby's, and signed "R. R." No record of the number of copies. Printed for William Garret. Woodcut on title, a vile copy from the vignette, by Bewick, at p. 52, vol. ii., "British Birds," 1805, the same subject that was copied by Nicholson for the Garland of 1826. Published in "The Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

TUNE—"The Women are a' gane wud."

HOUT, Lassie! ye 're dune wi' the kye,
Sae canna ye wander wi' me,
The Craft o' the Fisher to try,
The cast o' his Tackle to see?
For ilk fish i' the Creel that may glint,
Gin a kiss he may aiblins require,
The Riddle we 'll read—or deil 's in 't,
O' wha 'll be the foremost to tire,
Hout, Lassie! &c.

The streams are a' purlin' in joy;
The Lav'rocks are up i' the lift;
The Herd he gaes whistlin' by,
Forgettin' the storm an' the drift.
Sae come, an' ye 'll soon understand
How we tice baith the blate an' the slee,
Wi' a wily bit waft o' the hand,
An' a glegsome bit glance o' the e'e!
Hout, Lassie! &c.

Oh! come—an' ye 'se see wi' what airt
The troutie we 'll wile frae the pool,
An' gar him for ever to pairt
Frae his hauld, sae secure an' sae cool.
Just as some—that ye ken o'—their breath
Can hardly get leave for to draw,
An' dread that they 've come by their death,
Ere they kent thirsells stricken ava'!
Hout, Lassie! &c.

Oh! come—We 'se gae up by the Trows,
Where the Burnie rins wimplin' an' clear;
Where the breckan an' wild heather grows,
An' the wild-rose is sweet on the brier.
Where amang the gray Craigs, i' the beam,
The flowers spring in fragrance an' pride,
In token that Luve is nae dream—
If ye seek him by sweet Coquet-side.
Hout, Lassie! &c.

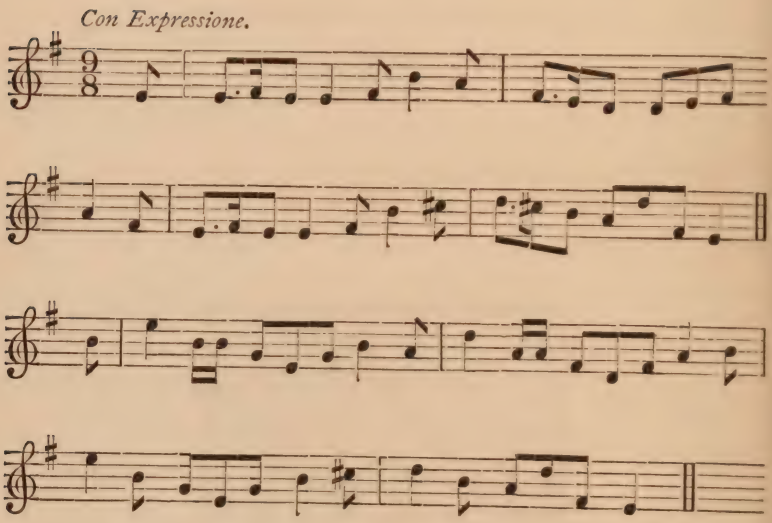
Or to Usway let 's gae—an' we 'll draw
The sawmon frae out o' his lair,
Wi' this slender wee hazel, sae sma',
And this linklet o' bonnie brown hair.
Sae a heart may be strang in its might,
Yet bend—a sair penance to dree—
To a taper bit finger sae white,
Or the glance o' a hazel-bright e'e!
Hout, Lassie! &c.

Oh! come: an' we'se rove by the streams
Till the Sun 's sunken far i' the West;
An', if weary we get wi' his beams,
In the shade o' the Valley we 'll rest.
There the true "Fisher's knot" ye shall see;
The secret shall cost but a kiss;
And when tied,—'gin ye canna win free,—
We maun e'en let it bide as it is.
Hout, Lassie! &c.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 10, 1844.

"THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD."



The Auld Fisher's Invitation

TO HIS FRIEND.

The Auld Fisher's Invitation

TO HIS FRIEND IN NEWCASTLE TO GANG WI' HIM TO NORTH TYNE TO TAKE ANITHER THRAW.

[The manuscript is Roxby's, though this and the following Garland are from Doubleday's pen. No record of the number of copies. Printed for William Garret, 1844. Woodcut on title, copied in reverse from that by Luke Clennel, introduced as a vignette, p. 50, vol. ii., "Bewick's Birds,' 1805. Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852.]

WE 'VE fish'd the Coquet's far-famed streams
From Blindburn to the Sea,
And sung their praise, wi' mony Lays,
In strains of minstrelsy.

Nae mair we 'll bide at Coquet-side,
Another stream we 'll try;
And in North Tyne we 'll cast our line,
And thin the finny fry.

We 'll bid farewell to Coquet-dale,
Her hills and howes sae green;
To Weldon Inn and the wine-bin,
Where merry days we 've seen.

Now the Fa'-stane shall be our hame,
Where heathy heights we 'll view,
And take our rest near the moor-hen's nest,
And quaff the *mountain dew.*

The wintry winds hae ceased to rave
Owre Keilder's dreary fell,
The curlews left the briny wave,
And sought the heather bell.

And the pee-wits and plovers a',
Allured by spring, once more,
To their mossy moors an' favourite flowers,
Forsake the sounding shore.

The breckan 's waving on the braes—
The haughs wi' daisies fine,
And the blithesome birds resume their lays
On the banks o' sweet North Tyne.

The broom shines bright on Mounsey's knowe,
The whin at Thorneyburn,
And the Ousel's trill, frae Mantle-hill,
Proclaims the spring's return.

The wild-rose blooms at Hesleyside,
The primrose at Lea Ha',
Auld North Tyne's buskit like a bride,
Wi' her spring claes sae braw.

From winsome Wark to Simonburn,
The trouty streams are fine,
And the Anglers hie to throw the fly;
Wha wadna fish the Tyne?

Old Chipchase castle proudly stands
Towerin' aboon them a',
And the lone dove wails i' the grove
Down at the Chesters' Ha'.

The busy bees are on the wing,—
Escaped frae winter's snaw,
And merrily the songsters sing
Frae Chollerford to Wa'.

The dew-drops sparkle on the thorn,
The wind blaws frae the west,
Wi' splendour breaks the April morn,
In gold and purple drest.

The welcome sight gives me delight,
And I feel young again;
The sun's bright beams glint on the streams,
And the trouts they rise amain.

I'll don my creel and grip my gad,
Though seventy and twice three;
Sae seek yer tackle out, my Lad,
And thraw anither flee.

And frae the North Tyne's savage source,
Where prowling foxes stray,
We 'll range the river's winding course
To South Tyne's sunny brae.

And then I 'll wind my tackle up,—
The fisher's craft resign,
And bid fareweel to rod an' reel,
And hackle, heuk, and line.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *April* 30, 1844.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1845.

The Morning Airly.

[By Thomas Doubleday. Printed for William Garret. No record of the number of copies.
Published in "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. This Garland terminated the original series of the "Newcastle Fishers' Garlands."]

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

IT 's late, my Lad, to tak' the Gad ;
All nature 's now in motion ;
The floods o' May hae swept away
The Sawmon's fry to Ocean ;
In Dewshill, lang, the Throstle's sang
He 's been rehearsin' cheerly ;
Our only line 's "far aff an' fine,"
And tak' the mornin' airly !

Up through the glens, amang the staens,
The burns wi' heat seem dryin' ;
Slaw, tired and still, by Little Mill,
Wi' worm the shadesman 's hiein' ;
Ahint the bush that hauds the thrush,
He now can shelter rarely ;
Our only line 's "far aff an' fine,"
And tak' the mornin' airly !

At Alwinton, the washin 's on,
And loud the Lads are singin' ;
To see the sheep spang, soom, and dreep,
The Dale wi' laughter 's ringin' ;

Het, tired, an' dry, the thirsty kye
The fords are taking fairly;
Our only line 's "far aff an' fine,"
And tak' the mornin' airly!

Yet, through the trees, there 's still a breeze;
The pool the gale is curling;
Beneath the beam, the glitterin' stream
Is owre the pebbles purling;
We 're no' the sort to lose our sport,
Because the stream rins clearly;
But thraw the line "far aff an' fine,"
An' tak the mornin' airly!

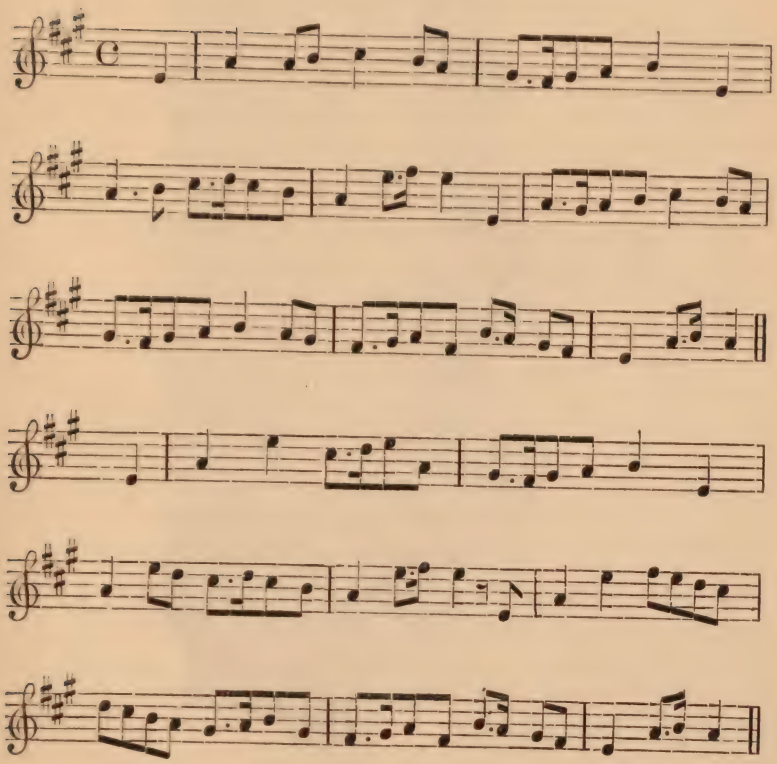
The gleg-e'ed trout we 'll pick him out,
Amang the staens fu' deftly;
Our flies shall fa', the verra snaw
Can come nae down sae saftly;
We 'll 'tice them here, we 'll 'tice them there,
What though they loup but sparely,
Wi' a cast o' line "far aff an' fine,"
All in the mornin' airly!

When floods come down, a callant loon
May catch them wi' a tether,
And sawmon roe, be a' "the go"
For gowks in rainy weather,
But gi'e to me the light midge flee,
When streams are rinnin' clearly,
And a cast o' line "far aff an' fine,"
All in the mornin' airly!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEWCASTLE, *July* 1, 1845.

"CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1846.

The Auld Fisher's Advice.

[By Thomas Doubleday. Published in the "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852, from which I quote—"The following stanzas were never printed. They were thrown off one day in the spring of 1846, and sent to my old friend (Roxby) for criticism and correction. . . . . During his last illness I saw a fair copy of the song in his own handwriting, together with my own copy, upon his table; but I have not been able to recover either. The song now given is therefore necessarily printed (with one or two alterations) from my own rough draught, without the benefit of my friend's corrections."]

TUNE—"Had I the wyte?"

YE ken the stream, it drives amain,
Now in the sunbeam sparklin',
Now rushing fast, 'mid mony a stane,
Beneath the allers darklin':
Now whirlin' in the pool at last,
Wi' mony a circlin' eddy;
Now still, where esh and plane-tree cast
Their shadows cool an' steady.

The wind was scant, the sun was bright,
Nae cloud to cast a shadow;
The pebbles red shew'd back the light
Like flowerets in a meadow.
The wind was scant, the cast was fine,
The flee fell saft an' slyly;
A curl—and checks at once the line—
'Tis he—but he comes shyly!

In vain the stream rins laughin' on,
In vain the breeze comes sighin',
Till frae the branches, one by one,
The shrivell'd leaves are flyin'.
In vain against yon pebbly brae,
The gurglin' water 's foamin';
Ye toil in vain, he 'll tak' his way—
We'se try him in the gloamin'.

'Twill no be lang or ere the sun
Shall set behind the Cheviot,
And thraw his latter rays upon
Clear Jed an' woody Teviot.
'Twill no be lang ere Simonside
Stands dim an' dark in shadow,
An' mists frae Coquet's bosom glide
Owre mony a haugh an' meadow.

Then ye 'se put on your best moth flee,
When e'enin's dews are fallin',
And, frae his screen in bush or tree,
The mellow throstle 's callin';
An' I 'se put on my mennim gear,
When moonlight 's just beginnin',
An' to the streams, frae far and near,
The hungry trouts are rinnin'.

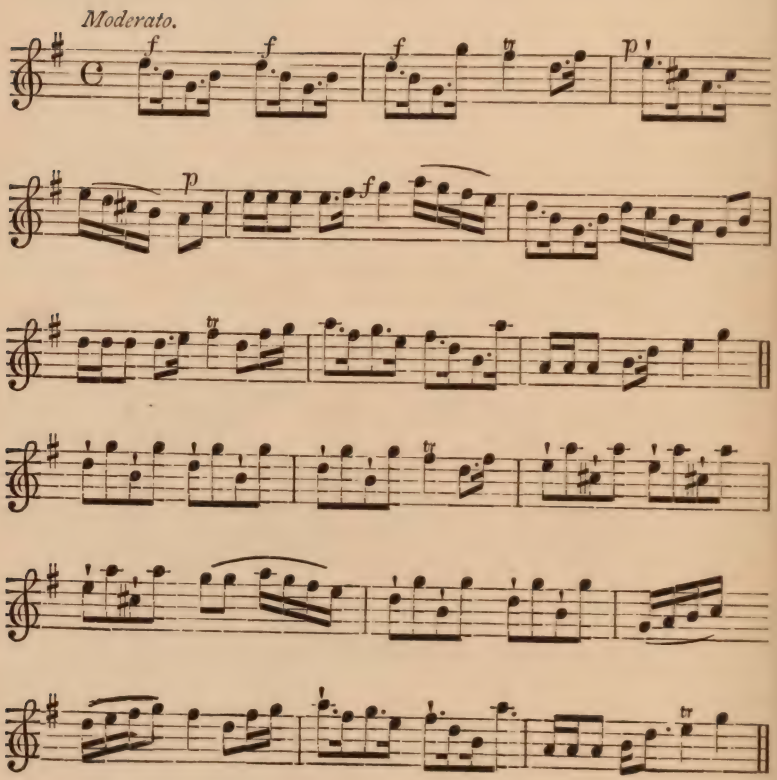
An' first we 'se try a cast aboon,
Just where the stream gaes birlin',
And sets the pool, aneath the moon,
In mony a wrinkle swirlin'.

Then, gin ye fail, I 'se tak' a cast,
E'en where the stream is foamin';
The mennim 's sure his doom at last,—
We 'se hae him in the gloamin'!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

March 1846.

"HAD I THE WYTE?"



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1847.

The Angler's Invitation.

[A hitherto unpublished Garland, found among the manuscripts, signed R. G., and dated December 12, 1823, probably the production of Robert Gillan, as his name is appended to a circular of the Newcastle Waltonian Club in April 1824. Mr White writes:—"I suspect the Robert Gillan mentioned here was a Scotsman, and classical assistant to James Charlton, of the Anchorage School at Gateshead. He became a clergyman, and was pastor to a small Presbyterian chapel at Stamfordham; subsequently he went to Glasgow, and had D.D. attached to his name. I think he succeeded Dr Chalmers in charge of a congregation there."]

TUNE—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

CHORUS.

SPORTING laddies, let's awa', let's awa', let's awa',
Wi' rods, and lines, and heuks, an' a',
To the banks o' rolling Tyne O!

Now gray the morn is blinkin' out,
The siller dare and speckelt trout
Skim lightly here and there about,
All in the rolling Tyne O!
Sporting laddies, &c.

The ground is moist wi' April showers,
The stream a porter current pours,
Oh! let 's improve these favour'd hours
All in the rolling Tyne O!
Sporting laddies, &c.

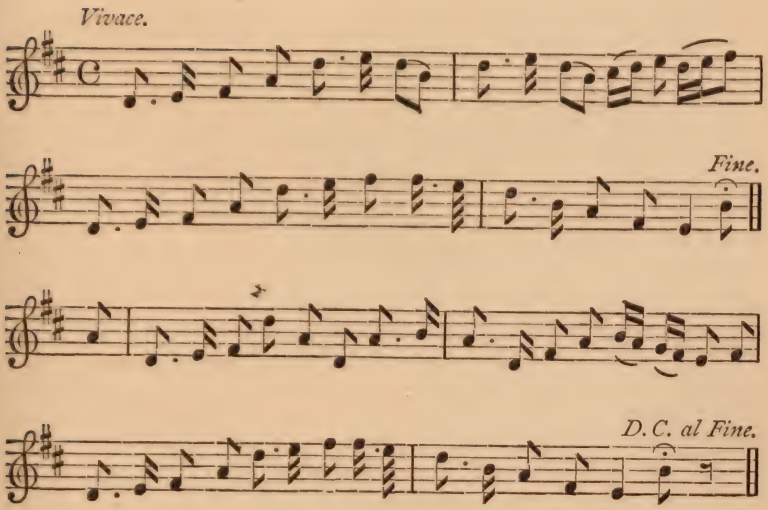
The bait is set, the wily flee
Quick draws the fish's greedy e'e,
Tug, tug, puir troutie—ye maun dee,
All in the rolling Tyne O!
Sporting laddies, pull awa', pull awa', pull awa',
And fill our creels wi' great an' sma',
On the banks o' rolling Tyne O!

But now we maun gie up the play,
For night steals owre the joyous day,
Wi' lightsome load we march away,
To Newburn on the Tyne O!
Sporting laddies, march awa', march awa', march awa',
We'll share like fishers, ane an' a',
On the banks o' rolling Tyne O!

But e'er we part, let's pledge the wine,
Wi' Bacchus wreaths our brows entwine,
And may our gifts on Friendship's shrine
Be honesty an' truth O!
Sporting laddies, drain the bowl, drain the bowl, drain the bowl,
To every lee-light-hearted soul,
Wha fishes in the Tyne O!

R. G.

"THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1847.

(Autumn Number.)

The Angler's Even-Song.

[This is one of the songs by William Andrew Chatto, sent to Garret for publication in the series; and although it was printed in "The Angler's Souvenir" in 1834, the author has been already so thoroughly identified with the "Garlands" that I have no hesitation in introducing it as an "Autumn number" for 1847, the precedent having been established in 1842.]

SOBER eve is approaching, the sun is now set,
Though his beams on the hill-top are lingering yet;
The west wind is still, and more clearly is heard
In meadow and forest the note of each bird:
The crows to their roost are now winging their way;
It is time to give over my fishing to-day.

I arose in the morn, ere the sun could prevail
To disperse the gray mist that hung low in the vale.
To the linn I went straight, distant ten miles or more,
Where the stream rushes down with a bound and a roar;
In the black pool below I had scarce thrown my line,
Ere a trout seized my fly, and directly was mine.

How they rose, and I hook'd them, 'twere needless to tell.
I fish'd down the stream to the lone cradle-well,
Where I sate myself down on a stone that was nigh,
For the sun now was bright, and the trouts getting shy;
A flask of good whisky I 'd fail'd not to bring,
And I chasten'd its strength with a dash from the spring.

Refresh'd then I rose and ascended the hill,
To gaze on the landscape so lonely and still;
Where I met an old shepherd, and near him lay down,
At the back of a cairn, where the heather was brown;
And we talk'd of old times, and he sang an old strain,
Till 'twas time to be gone to my fishing again.

Though my creel be so large, to the lid closely fill'd,
It will not hold the trouts which since morning I 've kill'd;
I must string on a withy three dozen or more—
I ne'er in a day caught so many before,—
But though heavy my creel, yet my heart is so light
That I 'll sing a blithe song of my fishing to-night.

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1848.

Visit to Redesdale.

[A hitherto unpublished Garland, found among the manuscripts signed R. W. From the pen of Robert White, the historian of "Otterburn," and author of the criticisms on the "Garlands," in the "Coquet-dale Fishing Songs," 1852. I have pleasure in adding that the authorship has been recently confirmed.]

TUNE—"Down the burn, Davie."

THE sun is up, a sweeter morn
Ne'er dawn'd on Fisher's e'e;
How bright appears the springing corn,
The leaf's on ilka tree.
The mists are gane, the day seems fair;
There 's joy by hill an' shore;
And *Reed* is gliding onward there—
The stream we prized of yore.

We 'll up by lanely *Saughenside*,
And then our sport begin,
Where, sweeping o'er the channel wide,
The bickering waters rin.
On ilka pool the ripple 's fine;
We 've fish'd them a' before,
And, ance again, wi' heuk an' line,
We 'll scan them as of yore.

At *Birdhopehaugh*, and sweet *Todlaw*,
The finny *spankers* lie,
Near jutting craig, or spreading shaw,
Secure frae sun an' sky;
But we can lightly thraw a flee
Each distant eddy o'er,
And switch them out by stane an' tree,
As we ha'e done of yore.

'Neath *Lisha brig*, fu' pure an' soft,
O'er holm and upland brown,
Which we in youth ha'e traversed oft,
The western wind comes down;
Sweet is its breath, but sweeter still,
Upon the gurly shore,
Wi' pliant rod our creels to fill,
As oft we did of yore.

While on we stray, an' winding turn
Round meadows waving green,
We 'll come to bonnie *Otterburn*—
Of a' the dale the queen.
Beyond her battlefield of fame,
Renown'd in British lore,
She has on us a deeper claim—
She was our *home* of yore.

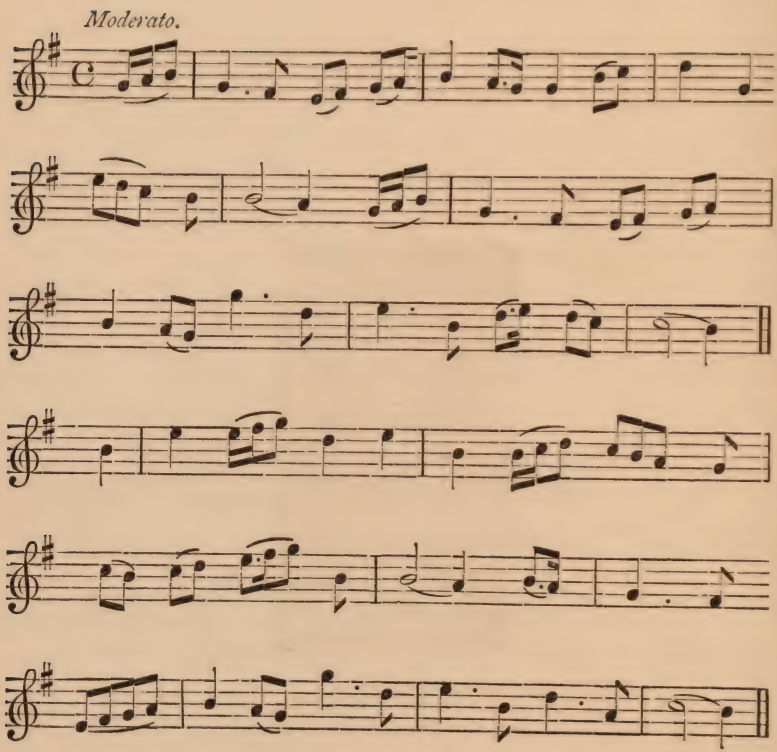
There wi' our host,* wha like his sire
Is worthy, kind, an' free,
The flowing bowl shall mirth inspire,
And tales o' fun an' glee.

* Robert Anderson.

We 'll pledge, what ilka honest heart
Will echo frae its core :—
"Reedwater, aye!"—"The fisher's art!"—
"The friends we loved of yore."

ROBERT WHITE.

"DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1849.

The Piscatorian's Rant.

[The following "Rant," written probably as a "Garland" for any given year, I find among the manuscripts. The original is in Thomas Doubleday's writing, signed "D.," and is no doubt his composition. Hitherto unpublished, I have placed it as the "Garland" for 1849.]

TUNE—"There 's three guid fellows."

TIME—*One o'clock in the morning.*

THERE 's three guid Fellows ha'e met,
An' they are gaun to the war,
An' they ha'e such gear as yet
Was never seen near or far:
For they ha'e three conjuring caps
Fu' o' lear that downa be named,
An' they flourish about steel traps
Hung at hair that never was kamed!

FULL CHORUS (*con strepito, decanters and glasses.*)

O Merlin the Wizard was skill'd,
An' Faustus a Doctor rare!
But whilk o' the twa ever kill'd
A sawmon wi' single hair?

An' ilk has a magical Rod,
It 's only to wave it to slaughter;
Wi' strang brass an' airn 'tis shod,
An' it always points to the water;

The mair that it *yields*, the mair glorious—
But, what causes maist surprise,
It 's sure to come aff victorious,
If only its enemies *rise!*
O Merlin, &c.

Dan Samson was stalwart an' strang,
Unless haly history cozens ;
O' armies he made an auld sang,
An' kill'd the Philistines by dozens ;
His virtue it lay in the hair,
Sae he sloken'd his valorous thirst ;
But it aiblins wad puzzled him mair,
If he 'd had to ha'e *caught* them first.
O Merlin, &c.

Thae three guid Fallows ha'e met
To haud the trouties a tuil ;
What reck gin the Lads be wet,
As lang as their creels are full ?
They hae slaughter'd them airly an' late,
They hae slaughter'd them sair to see ;
An' a' the pains they are at,
It is but the "bite o' a flee."

FULL CHORUS.

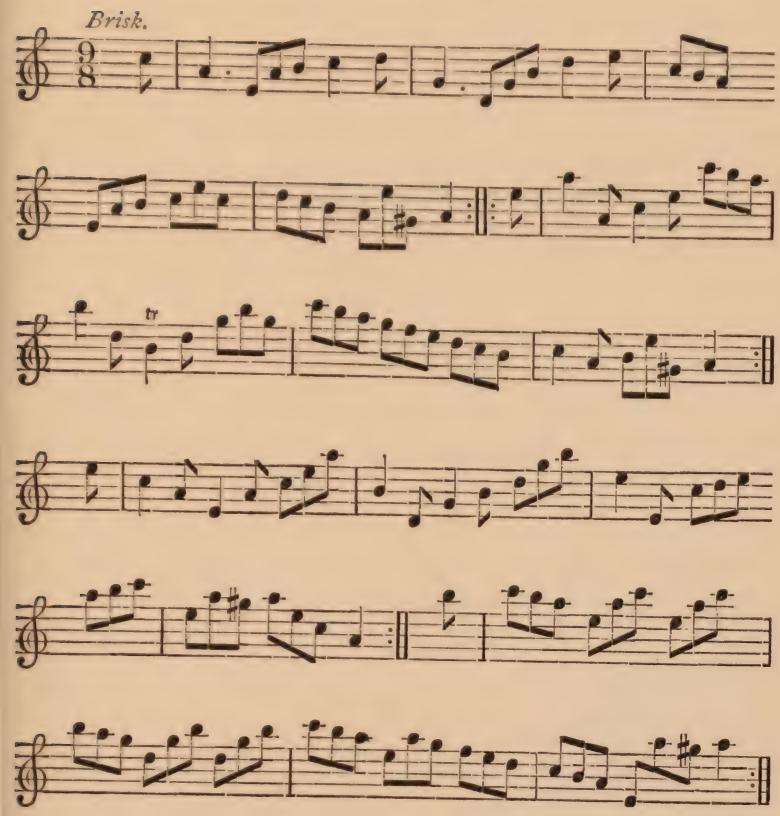
O Merlin the Wizard was skill'd,
An' Faustus a Doctor rare!
But whilk o' the twa ever kill'd
A sawmon wi' single hair ?

D.

(*Quoth* THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.)
1864.

"THERE'S THREE GUID FELLOWS."

(OSWALD'S SET.)



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1850.

The Angler's Reveille.

[By William Andrew Chatto. Appeared originally in the "Angler's Souvenir," 1834, and here introduced, for reasons previously stated, as the "Garland for 1850."]

OLD Winter is gone, and young Spring now comes tripping;
Sweet flowers are springing wherever she treads;
While the bee, hovering o'er them, keeps humming and sipping,
And birds sing her welcome in woodlands and meads.
The snow-wreath no more on the hill-side is lying;
The leaf-buds are bursting, bright green, on each tree;
Ho, anglers, arouse ye! the streams are worth trying;
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

Haste away! haste away! for the south wind is blowing,
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,
Which neither too full, nor too fine, yet is flowing,
Now clouded, now bright with a sunshiny gleam.
At the foot of the fall, where the bright trouts are leaping,
In the stream, where the current is rapid and strong,
Or just by the bank, where the skeggers seem sleeping,
There throw your fly light, and you cannot throw wrong.

There 's a joy in the chase, over hedge and ditch flying;
'Tis pleasant to bring down the grouse on the fell;
The partridge to bag, through the low stubble trying;
The pheasant to shoot as he flies through the dell.
But what are such joys to the pleasures of straying
By the side of a stream, a long line throwing free,
The salmon and trout with a neat fly betraying?
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

To awaken the milk-maid, the cock is yet crowing,—
She was out late last night with young Hodge at the fair,—
To be milk'd yet the cows in the loaning are lowing;
We 'll be at our sport ere young Nelly be there.
The weather is prime, and the stream in good order;
Arouse ye, then, anglers! wherever you be,—
In Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, on the Border,—
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me!

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1851.

The Auld Fisher's Visit to North Tyne.

[By Robert Roxby. Published in "Richardson's Borderers' Table Book," 1846, entitled, "Epistle originally addressed to Robert Boyd, Esq., April 26, 1840."]

NOW over auld *Keildar's* wild muirs
The breezes blaw saft frae the west;
Spring pranks 'midst her blossoms and flowers,
An' the fields in their verdure new drest.

The lav'rocks are up in the sky,
Saluting the sun's glorious beams;
And the fisher is casting the fly
In North Tyne's meandering streams.

There 's breckans at *Deadwater Well*,
And vi'lets at *Hesleyside Ha'*,
The peewits on *Hareshaw's brown Fell*,
And the blasts o' grim winter awa'.

I 'm off in a whirlwind o' vapour;
On "Tractor's metallic" I'm gone,
Wi' my creel, reel, an' angle, sae taper,—
Away to the streams o' *Falstone*.

There, far frae the town's busy bustle,
O'er the gay, daisied haughs will I roam,
And list to the song o' the throstle
Where blue-bells and wild roses bloom.

So welcome! the hawthorn and hazel,
The ivy-girt elm and "Witch-tree;"
I hate the street's dirdum and dazzle,
Rocks, rivers, and wild woods for me.

All hail! to the moorlands and mosses,
To the lads wi' their collies and kent,
And to a' the Tyne-side's winsome lassies
Wha lightly bound over the bent.

And hail! to the hill and the heather,
The heathcock and whistling curlew;
Once more I shall hear the shrill plover,
And the days o' life's morning renew.

They may talk of "Arabian bowers,"
And "myrtle groves" over the sea;
Give me my Northumbria's wild flowers,
And the hills o' my native countrie!

I have fish'd in the *Coquet* sae clear,
The *Brownie*, the *Breamish*, and *Reed;*
I have tried the *Kale*, *Wansbeck*, and *Wear*,
And tackled the trouts o' the Tweed.

I have roved on the braes o' famed *Yarrow*,
I have traversed the *Teviot* and *Tay;*
Thrawn the flie in the *Devon* and *Dee*,
And mony a stream farther away.

And now, in the *North Tyne's* trouty river,
My skill piscatorial I 'll try,
Wi' "the heuk and the hair" I 'm still clever;
So laugh, and look out for "a Fry."

ROBERT ROXBY.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1852.

The Coquet Angler's Matin Song.

WAND'RING by the streams apart,
Glad and calm as they;
Plying still my simple art,
All the live-long day;
Seeking out the shadiest nooks
Of the winding moorland brooks,
Where the pearly waters sleep
In their quiet pools and deep;
Where the greedy trout doth lie,
Ready for the ensnaring fly;
Who so free from weeping sorrow,
And from care, as I?

Ere the bird hath hail'd the light,
With his matin hymn;
Ere the sun hath put to flight
Mist and vapour dim;
Forth through meadows wet with dew,
I my wonted path pursue,
Drinking in the morning wind,
Leaving weariness behind,
Smiling with the smiling sky,
Singing ever joyously—
Who so free from weeping sorrow,
And from care, as I?

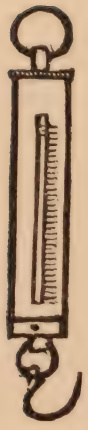
Pleasant thoughts, be sure, are mine,
  Hopes as pleasant too,
When the river's silvery line
  Opens to my view.
Ah! how little dream the crowd,
'Midst the city's tumult loud,
How much pure and real bliss
May be found in scenes like this;
If they doubt the verity,
Let them hearken to my cry—
  Who so free from weeping sorrow,
    And from care, as I?

Food for deep delight, I find
  Unexhausted round;
In the sunbeam and the wind,
  In the river's sound;
And when heavily I feel
Struggling fish within my creel,
When the eddying waters flash
At the monsters' sullen dash,
More and more exultingly
Doth my joyous spirit cry—
  Who so free from weeping sorrow,
    And from care, as I?

Thou who heapest, day by day,
  Wealth that cannot aid,
Cast thy weary load away—
  Come and try *my* trade!

Soon, or I mistake, thou'lt see
A far richer argosy,
In the wealth by nature pour'd,
At thy feet, a boundless hoard;
Soon, I wot, right heartily,
Thou wilt join my song, and cry,
    Who so free from weeping sorrow,
    And from care, as I?

THOMAS WESTWOOD.



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1853.

An Angler's Reverie.

AIR—"Come live with me," &c.

HOW pleasante on a sweet Spring morne,
When dewdrops linger on the thorne,
When primrose banks, and honied bowers,
Are kiss'd by sweetest April showers—

Through flowr'y meades to wende our way,
When sunrise welcomes the sweete daie,
At chrystal brooks our thirste t' assuage,
And worship GOD through Nature's page.

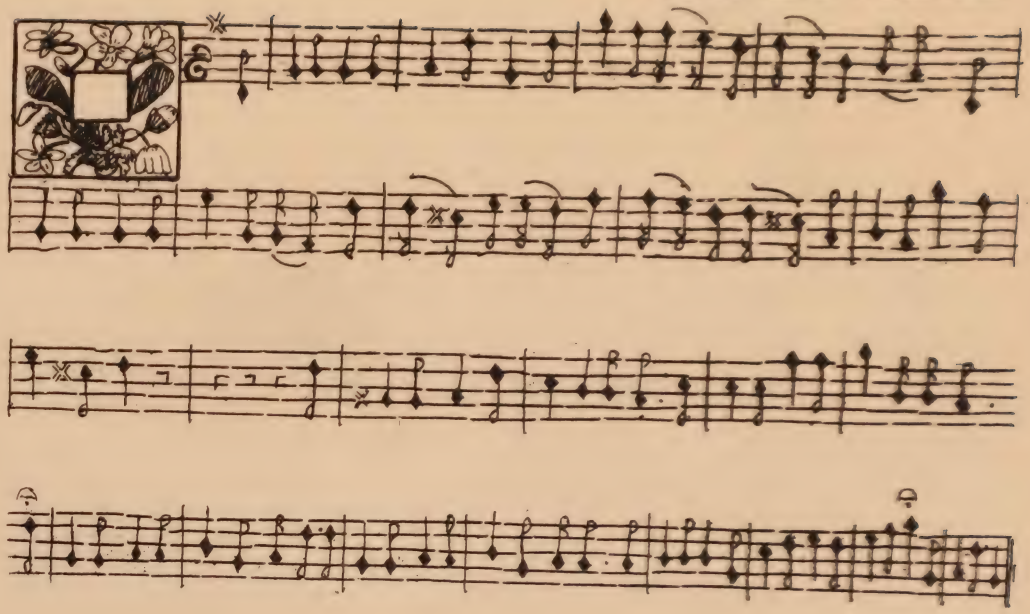
With Angle rod and lightsome hearte,
Our conscience cleare, we gay departe,
To pebbly brooks, and purling streams;
No canker'd care disturbs oure dreames.

Oh! surely virtuous must be
That crafte, where Nature mirrors THEE,
On every side we see THY power;
From craggy rocke to simple flower.

Whilst under shady Sycamore,
Regardless of each fleeting houre,
Some deare Friend's converse we enjoy,
Oure earthlie bliss has no alloye.

From summer Sun's oppressive heate,
From worldlie cares, a short retreate,
Indulging freely in vain dreames,
Of Halcyon daies by murm'ring streams.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.



The

Fisher's Garland

FOR 1854.

Muspke.

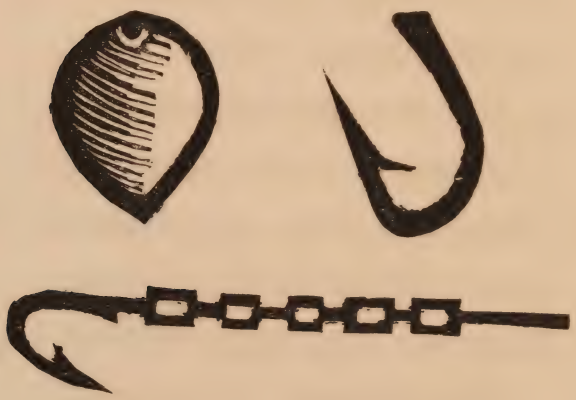
A Legende of ye Ryuerre Coquette.

ERLY wonne holsom Sommeres morne/
when heggès gaie bedeckt/
Wyth hawthorne blossoms/ bloomynge sloes/
ande meadowes dew bespeckt/

When joyous songsterres onne eche spraie
melodyous armony/
Discoorsed/ to gladde ye herte of manne/
ynne chearfull symphonie/
Two fyssherres wythe their Angle roddes
left elde Pons Elii/
Awaie fromme busie humme of men
theyre cunnynge skylle to trye/
By Cokette Ryverres lovelie streamys/
ande yn goode time arryve
Atte Akklyngtoun/ where lustylye
to fyll theyre creelys they stryve.
Alle honor to thysse merrie spoorte
pursued yn spyryte fayre/
Alle honor to ye Wyghts that fysshe
wyth menoe/ flye/ and hayre/
Theyre harnays mete and fetly made/
swete dysportes they partake/
In kyllynge troughts/ or Samon styll
more comborous for to take;

Butte angle ye atte bytynge tyme
wyth baytes both goode ande fine/
Fraye not ye fysshe by syghte of manne
when Sunne doth bryghtlie shine/
Styrre notte ye oute yn weder colde/
yn raine and sleate ande snowe/
Use everye mannerre of fayre bayte/
butte—don't use Samon Roe.
Itte is onfayre untoe ye fysshe
thys poachynge bayte to use/
Thoghe alle admytte that troughts itte wyll
from worme and magote chuse;
Howe these two Angle fyssherres fared/
befoore thysse Legende ends
You 'll learne—thaye both belongd toe the
Socyetye offe Fryennds/
Bothe were addycted to the Roe/
ande sette foorth yn fulle floude
To fyll theyre creelys/ and walow yn/
by pocheynge/ poore troughts blood;

Thoghe joyous was ye Somerres daie
when they theyre spoorte began/
Forre manie houres the daie befoore
ynne furye Coquette ranne/
Schee madlye leapt o'er rockes/ thro dells/
from heavie someres spate/
Ande offe ye ffrendys togethyr starte/
ynne Roe to recreate;



Wyth hamour/ pynsons/ clam/ and fyle/
theyr hokes were fetlye mayd/
Theyr Angle roddes offe fayre black thorne/
for lynes thay dydde ynvade

A whyte horse tayl/ ye longest heeres
and fayrest they could gette/
Wyth ale ande alum-colored grene
and plombe of lead fayre sette:
They satte down bye faer Worwycks streme
wyth roe ye troutes to catche/
And baskyng yn ye Someres Sunne/
for bytes both eagyr watche/
Then further uppe the streame they fysshe
tyl Guyzance mill thay syghte/
Descendyng thenne to Quarrie hole—
theymselves to gette a byte/
Forre hongeres piercynge thorne had nowe
warnd eche one/ hys manne inner/
Thoghe fysshynge be spoort e'er soe goode/
there 's as mochе spoort yn dynerre.
By thys tyme Coketes heavie floud
ittes highest poynte hadde past/
And eke ye fyssherre mought have tryd/
wyth fraudful flyes a caste/

See! see! looke! looke! cryed one of theym/
ye smeltes ryse farre and neare/
And certes/ they onne surface plaied
and bothe frenndys heartes dydd chere/
Thay thogbt/ ye fysshe of plaipnge tyred/
wold seke theyr fethyrd foode
Ande eagerlie eche seized hys rodde
and waded yn ye floude/
Butte neyther coulde ye fysshes smyte
thogh wyth luste they were smytten/
The smelts atte Quakyrres flyes wont byte/
ye Quakyrres twain weyr byttyn;
Thogh no more dydd the ryver ryse/
yet styll thay deeper weyr/
Ynsensybly thay sank and sank
yn quycksands treachyrous snayr/
When sodayn the fell yrth gave waye/
and downe beneath ye wave
Went won of theym/ whirld oer and oer
hys fryend hymself dyd save

By clyngynge to a willoe braunch
that overhonge ye streame/
Ande whilst he dries hys dryppynge cloathes—
lyste to ye othyrs dreme.
Der hedde and eares yn mudde and sande
wythe water drumlie mirt/
Ful greuous wete ande dysmal colde/
he thoght hys flynnt was firt/
Huge fysshes wyth large goggyl eyes
and ravenous slymie eeles/
Grete skeggyrrs wyth theyr tayls hym struck/
ande laughtyr burst yn peales
From Cokettes fynnye denyzens
who nedes muste have dysporte/
And broght ye quakynge Quakyrr up
at olde Kynge Coquets courte;
When thus ye Kynge—What doe ye here?
why joyne ye ynne our reele?
You knowe that etykette forbyddes
atte oure levee a creele/

And thoghe you 've not possescyon got
offe lythsom angyl rodde
Yet as you 've in oure clutchys falln/
we 'll serue you oute—ecod
What schalle we doe?—whirl oer and oer—
enjoye oure quyet reelys
Whylst we oure preuy councylle meete
you here maie kyckke your heles.
(Oh! Quakyrre trulie ryghtlie naymd—
ye fryend dydd quayk wyth feare)
Oh! Roialle Maisterre, myghtie Kynge/—
Oh! Lorde/ I feele soe queere;
Yea verylye yffe thou wilt spare
my lyfe onne thysse occacyon
Thye purlynge stremes from my desines
ne moo schal dredd ynuacyon.
Wyth markèd sneere and depe contempte
ye Roialle face dyd move/
You 've tryed/ quoth he/ your creelys to fyll—
you can't catche us/ by Jove;

We don't complayne of what you kylle/
butte atte oure nexte assyze
We trulie meane to yndyte you
forre fryghtennynge ye flyes;
We cannot gette a quyet meale
whyle you the watterre thrashe
Ande/ as onne surfaice you theym fryghte/
we 'll settyll now youre hashe;
Forre thys offence oure sentence lyghte
we merely doe commande/
That from thys tyme thys Quycksands name
be changyd to Quakesand/
A graver charge we fynde prefyrrd/
wyth Samon Roe you fysshe/
Ande alle offencys of thysse kynde
we 'll grevouslie punysshe.
Harke! alle ye future ages—lyste!—
oure proclamacyon knowe:—
Here folowyth a sentence passd
forre lysshynge Samon Roe;

We nowe assembyld yn ful courte—
O! culpryte doe notte thole,
Fromme thysse daie—cos you use thysse bayte—
nayme thysse:—

ye Quaykerres Hole.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1855.

Lines addressed to a Friend,

ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO JOIN HIM FOR A DAY'S FLY-FISHING IN NORTH TYNE.

THE bee, 'mid flowers still fond to roam,
At sunset seeks his moorland home ;
When dying day forsakes the west,
The lav'rock finds his lowly nest ;
And I—who would, a truant, stray
In youth 'mid waters far away—
Now gladly throw my latest line
At home upon the banks of Tyne.

Alas ! how often those that toil
In distant realms, for fortune's spoil,
And crowd with care their little span,
Are fain to end where they began !
Home-sick, they turn their eyes once more
'Cross ocean's waste, to Britain's shore ;
And I, returning, throw my line
Upon my native banks of Tyne.

Enough for me,—though, since the day
When I would wander far away,
I 've seen full many a pleasure go,
And many a loving heart laid low—

Enough for me, that, spite of ill,
I love the sparkling waters still,—
And friends still bid me not repine,
But welcome to the banks of Tyne.

The early beam, in mists that rose,
In evening on the water glows;
The sod, that smiled in spring-time showers,
Autumn embroiders still with flowers;
Spring, summer, autumn, scatter bland
Fresh garlands each, with careless hand,
And I with joy can throw my line—
Gray-hair'd—upon the banks of Tyne.

And, when the dalesman bars his door,
And darkness broods o'er moss and moor,
And sport at length must have an end,
And wearied anglers homeward bend,—
There, where wit smiles at humour's birth,
And wisdom can shake hands with mirth,
The genial day I 'll crown with wine,
Upon the heathery banks of Tyne.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

April 7, 1855.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1856.

The Jolly Anglers.

TUNE—"Happy Friendship."

FRIEN'S, we 've fish'd a' day thegither,
Where 's three better-hearted chiels?
Some like Streams, and some the Heather,
Sport to a', we 've fill'd our Creels.

Envy 's na found at our table,
Joyous we thegither clan,
Drink the Gad, the Gun, the Stable :
Let each Brither be a MAN.

See us smiling a' guid nature,
Canker'd Care 's no us amang,
Joy depicted on each feature,
Still mair happy by this sang.

Now we 'll sing the Hunter's pleasure,
Now we 'll toast the Dog and Gun,
Each his fav'rite Sport may treasure,
Luck to a',—our Day's work 's done.

May Nimrods aye find Foxes plenty,
And ha'e mony a pleasant run ;
Muir-fowl, may the dogs aft scent ye :
Sport for Man wi' Dog and Gun.

Why should envious feelings haunt us?
Adverse pleasures a' agree;
What care we gin Toonsmen taunt us?
Kintra sports are fair and free.

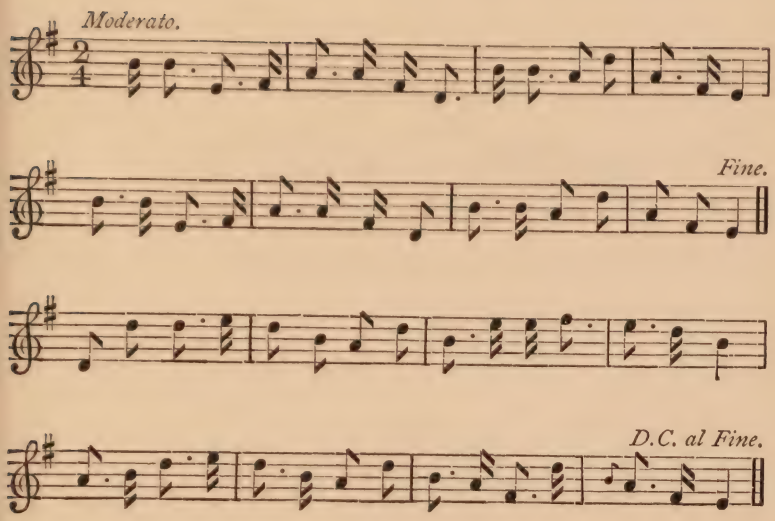
Though we care na Hounds to follow,
Muir-cocks care we na to spring;
Yet we haud him a guid fallow
That can cheerie a' Sports sing.

Noo, Frien's, join we a' in Chorus,
Let a' Sportsmen Brithers be;
Meikle sport we hope 's afore us,
Be 't what may, we 'll aye agree.

CHORUS, (con Strep.) *Frien's, we've fish'd, &c.*

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

"HAPPY FRIENDSHIP."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1857.

The Angler's Matin Song.

TUNE—"The Howes o' Glenorchie."

THE Sun's gowden orb now dispels morning mists,
And gaily the laverock lilts i' the sky;
The crood o' the cushats the chorus assists,
Whilst the bees frae the brume to wild heather-bells fly;
The throstle now whustles frae bonnie birk-tree,
And dew-beads are drappin' frae ilka green bush,
The vi'lets and gowans that sprent every brae
Wi' perfumes the sweet Simmer morn's air suffuse.

The wee lammies sport by the side o' the yowes,
And o'er the lush meadows the croonin' kye stray,
Bright Phœbus wi' gowd paints the braes, fells, and knowes,
And sweet blushing briar-buds welcome the day;
The wastlin' wind soughs through the saft waving corn,
And draps frae the hedges the wat blobs o' dew,
Where'er turns the Angler, sweet flow'rets adorn
His path—ilka step rural pleasures accrue.

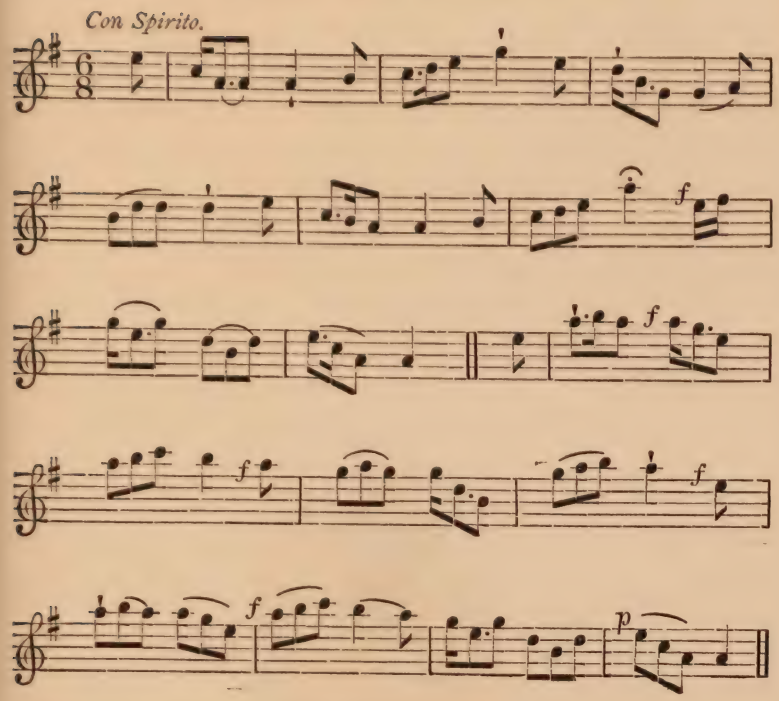
The clear wimplin' burnie rows on its fair course,
"Enchanting his soul wi' its sweet melodie;"
On ilka side Nature wi' him holds discourse,
And frae a' warldly cares feels his conscience is free;

The fox-gloves and gowden whuns bow to the breeze,
And wild roses wantonly try to ensnare
Wi' their sweet-scented May-buds th' wandering bees,
And hawthorns' snaw-blossoms perfume the sweet air.

The twittering ouzel frae stane to stane flits,
Wi' his dusky gray jacket and snawy white throat;
The hern-seugh his eyrie for scaly fry quits,
And ilk feather'd chorister tunes up his note;
What joys then around us on ilka side seen,
And wha wad na follow this charming pursuit;
He that cares na to worship auld Nature's fair Queen
May aye be weel pleased wi' a creelfu' o' Trout.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

"THE HOWES O' GLENORCHY."

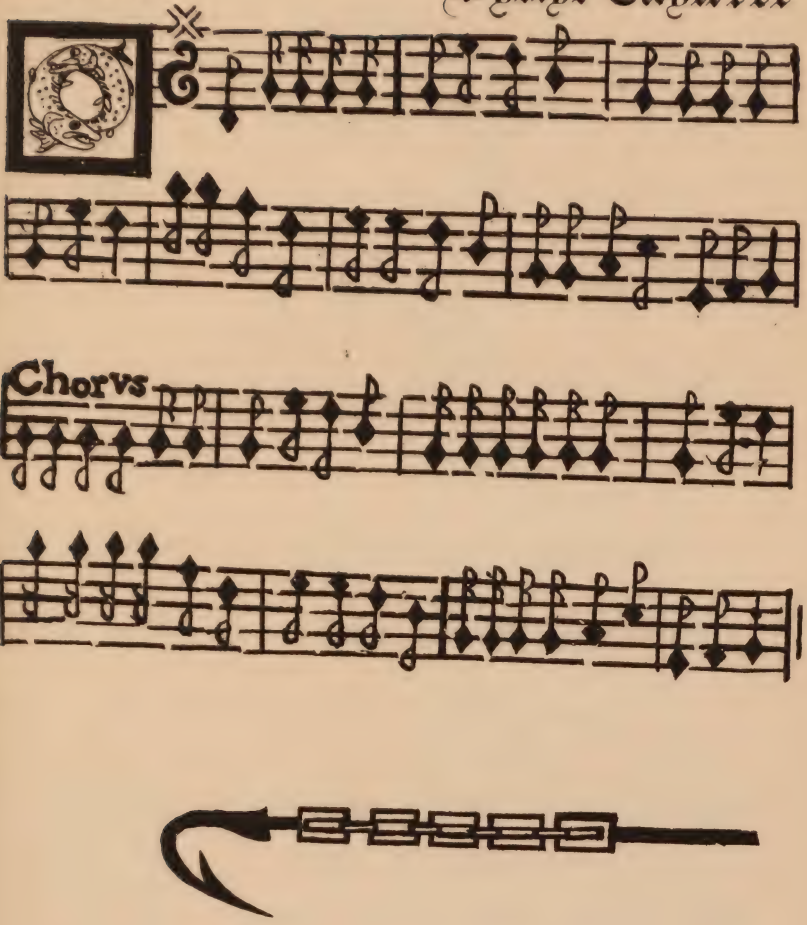


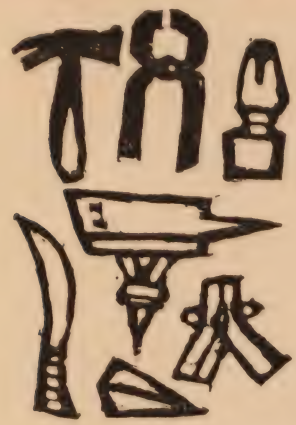
The

Fisher's Garland

FOR 1858.

Tune Byllye Taylerre





A Righte Merrie Garland,

prouffytable to the heele of Mannys Soule.

F Hontynge/ Hawkynge/ Fowlynge/ Fysshynge/
Eche maye ben goode offe itte's sorte/
Butte the latterre onlie wysshynge/
We eschewe alle otherre spoorte.

CHORUS.

Tyddye iddye olle tolle lolle tolle i doo/
Tyddye iddye olle tolle lolle tye daie/
Tyddye iddye olle tolle lolle tolle aye doe/
Tydde iddye olle tolle lolle tye daie.

For Honterres wolle the houndes stylle folowe/
Whych laboryous is to us/
Blysterred lyppes wythe Bugel holowe/
Ful sore swettynge/ inne a fusse.

Hawkynge semyth noyous toe us/
Game ande dysporte often goon/
Whystyll ofte/ stylle hawkes eschewe us/
Tylle wythe thirste we are ryghte doon.

Foulynge semyth me mooste sympyl/
Grevous thoghe/ inne Weder colde/
Wythe stanche doublette and close wympyll/
Spedyth foorthe the Foulere bolde.

None offe theyme a merrie spyryte
Atte oure dyspoortes maye incurre/
Thoghe eche Luste maie have a meritte/
Angle fysshynge we preferre.

Otherre Fysshynge 's wete ande grevous/
Cause offe grete infyrmytees/
Fulle wete and colde is apte to leve us/
Butte hoke ande lyne by thysse canne lese.

Sweteste savoure offe mede floures/
Holsom walke onne Sommeres morne/
Melodyous fowles grete erlye houres/
Sweterre farre than Honterres horne.

Trulie/ to my beste dyscrecyon/
Fysshynge is the mooste deleighte/
Thysse Yere o' thyncarnacyon/
CIↃ.IↃCCC.XXXXX.VIII.*

* 1858.

(CHORUSSE/ moche as ye wolle.)

Tyddye iddye olle tolle lolle tolle i do/
Tyddye iddye olle tolle/ lolle tye daie/
Tyddye iddye olle tolle lolle tol aye doe/
Tyddye iddye olle tolle/ lol tye daie.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1859.

The Angler's Address to his "Ladye Love."

TUNE—"Pack, clouds, away."

ARISE! love, rise!
Ope thy sweet eyes
And hear a constant Lover;
How fair thou art
Let this poor Heart
To thy chaste breast discover.

The Sun is up;
Each flow'ret's cup
With dew is overflowing;
The sportive Lambs
Play by their dams,
And Kye in meadows lowing.

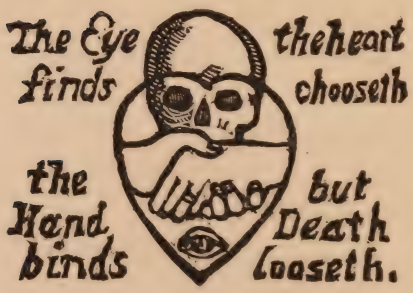
The tinkling rills
Thro' heath-clad hills
Their way to Ocean burrow;
Birds on each spray
Bid welcome day,
And hail this sweet May morrow.

The speck'elt Trout
For flies look out
As down the stream they whirl
And fearless sail,
To balmy gale
Their gauzy wings unfurl.

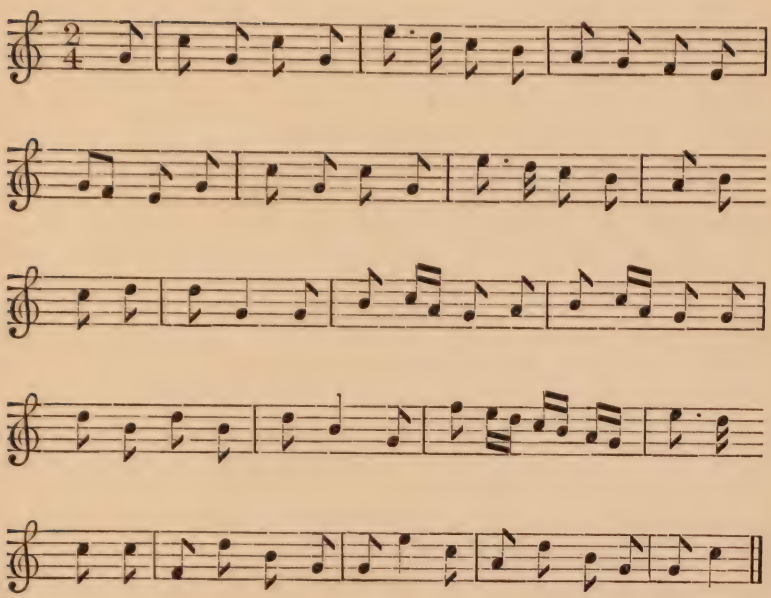
The summer Sun
Earth's love has won
Thus early this fair morning,
Why should my Fair,
Gay, debonair,
Lie Somnus' bow'rs adorning?

Sweet Sweeting, wake,
That joy partake
All Nature else enchanting;
The cooing dove
Now greets his Love,
And mine alone is wanting.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.



"PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1860.

Coquet-side.

TUNE—"Tak' your auld cloak about you.
(For music, see "Garland for 1832.")

NOW May has donn'd her kirtle rare ;
The day is lang, an' short the e'en ;
The open sky how smiling fair !
The burnies rin in glitterin' sheen.
Newcastle smoke we left yestreen :
Wi' Morpeth frien's we wadna bide ;
And now by bank and meadow green
We 'll spend the day on Coquet-side.

Oh, had we met when we were young
Wi' *Roxby* here an' *Doubleday*—
The lads unmatch'd that sweetly sung
Sic fishing lays as last for aye ;
What rare delight to see the twae
Wi' flees in order skim the tide,
And hear the wit that well'd away
Whene'er they cam' to Coquet-side !

The gloomy castle wa's are near,
And *Halystane* lies down the glen :
We 'll fettle now our fishing gear,
And fairly fa' to wark like men.

O' toun-bred folk no ane i' ten,
Wi' a' their senseless, empty pride,
Can e'er the bliss—the pleasure ken
That we enjoy at Coquet-side.

See trouts are loupin' left and right;
Now let your flees fa' softly down:
The rain that patter'd through the night
Has dyed the water lightly brown.
Ye 've nabb'd him there—a switchin' loun—
In stream or pool nae mair he 'll glide;
Three fish like that are worth a crown
To chiels like us on Coquet-side.

Another 's heuk'd—I hae him fast;
The danglin' bob is snatch'd and a';
These lucky moments winna last;
We hae a rise at ilka thraw.
How fine the welcome breezes blaw,
And curl in waves the dimplin' tide!
Sic sport as this I never saw;
What think ye now o' Coquet-side?

Your kings might prize a shepherd's lot,
Wi' streams below and hills abune;
For blessings grace his cozy cot,
When heart and saul are baith in tune.
If life be like a day in June,
As we hae choice o' England wide,
Wha wadna spend the afternoon,
And gloamin' too, by Coquet-side?

ROBERT WHITE.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1861.

The Angler's Wish.

TUNE—"When the kye come hame."

COME all ye jolly Anglers that fancy in your dreams
Ye 're killing gleg-e'ed trouties in fair Northumbria's streams;
In *Reed*, or *Till*, or *Beaument*, sweet *Wansbeck*, *Coquet*, *Tyne*,
My wish is, honest fishers, in this pleasant sport ye 'll shine;
In this pleasant sport ye 'll shine,
In this pleasant sport ye 'll shine;
My wish is, honest fishers, in this pleasant sport ye 'll shine.

Whether Worm, or Flee, or Mennum y'r attention does engage,
Bar roe and every other bait that 'd sully *Walton's* page;
Gie the bonnie speckelt fry aye a fair chance for their fate,
Kill nae Saumon, Trout, or Smeltie when the stream's in spate.

By far owre mony Anglers tak' pride upon their skill,
And proudly shew their panniers when rains the burnies fill;
But gie me the skilful lad, when the water 's clear and fine,
At nicht shews a full basket by fair rod and line.

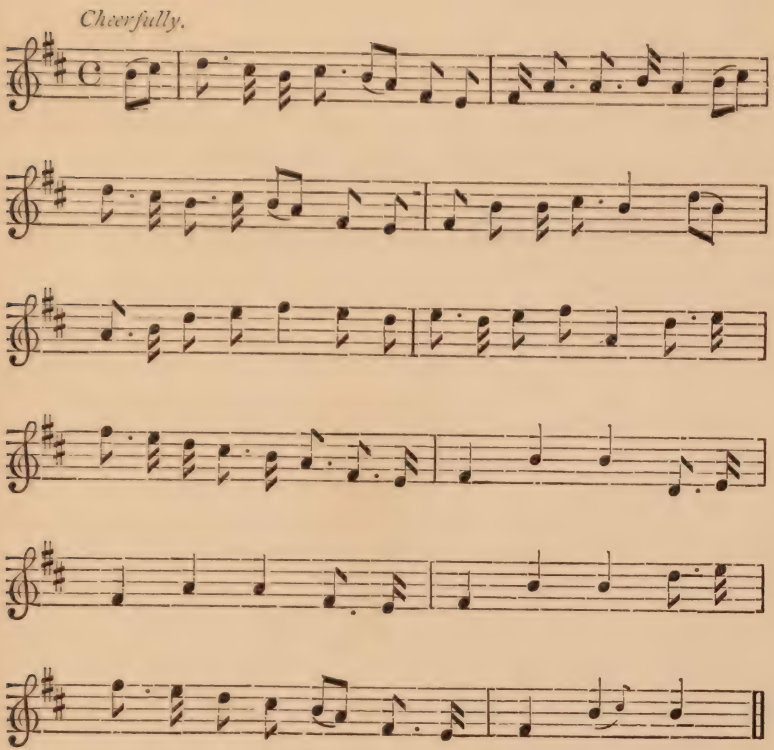
Nae matter how ye get them gif ye do but angle fair,
An' aft in sunny Simmer time yer skill is tested sair;
But this I will maintain, that on ony bright June day,
Wi' mennum or red worm ye 'll aye land y'r prey.

The flee 's an unco bait i' the Spring-time o' the year,
The saumon roe pruves deadly when streams are dark and drear ;
But of a' the lures we ken, nane can wi' the worm compare,
Join'd wi' skill, nae gallant fisher need o' sport despair.

Great men, Divines, Philosophers, of every degree,
Hae swell'd our ranks. O Angling ! o' sports thou bears the gree ;
Through thee we hold communion wi' the high powers above,—
A paction o' guid fallowship, health, innocence, and love.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

"WHEN THE KYE COME HAME."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1862.

The Conqueror Worm.

To its ain Tune.

YE may sing o' red heckles, an' May-flees forby,
Your lang casts and fine, i' the Spring;
But a bonnie red Worm, i' bright June, let me try,
And to bank fast the Trouties I 'll bring.
Then, here's to the Blue-head and bonnie Red Worm,
Not forgetting the Mennum sae bright;
Tak' the twa i' their turn, wi' fine tackle and firm,
I'll count the Flee-fisher at nicht.

I care na to ha'e owre a *limmer* gad,
I care na to ha'e meikle line;
Yet still to my Creel weight and number I 'll add,
Though I fling but ane out at a time.

A fifteen-fit rod, stiff out till the top joint,
Is the weapon I fainest wad wield;
But aye mak it fine as ye near the point,
And lightsome to hand in its build.

Awa' wi' your Fishers doon stream wi' lang line
When the streamlets are drumlie and drear;
An Angler's skill 's shewn when the Water is fine,
In sweet June, when she 's glassy and clear.

Up! up! wi' the Worm, ahint stanes, under braes,
Wi' little mair line than your Gad,
And the Trouties 'll find that their deadliest faes
Are na May-flees, red heckles, or Cad.

The Flee 's aft been sung, and its virtues extoll'd
For filling a Creel wi' sma' Fry;
But after this sang, gentle Fisher, mak' bold
The red Worm in Simmer to try.

We 've emptied our flasks tho' we 've aye fill'd our creels,
And now for a nicht's sweet repose;
Up early the morning, and at them like De'ils,
For to-morrow our Campaign must close.

We 've sung a guid Sang, and imbibed *quantum suff.*,
And empty the Bottle o' Wine is;
'Tis as guid as a feast, the auld Saw says, enough;
Sae now, Brither Fishermen—FINIS.

CHORUS.

Then, here's to the Blue-head and bonnie Red Worm,
Not forgetting the Mennum sae bright;
Tak' the twa i' their turn, wi' fine tackle and firm,
I'll count the Flee-fisher at nicht.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1863.

The Dying Angler's Last Look at Coquet.

TUNE—"The mill, mill, O!

THE night draws nigh—across the sky
Creep shadows of the gloaming;
But drearier still, and deathly chill,
I feel my dark hour coming.
Now lift me in thine arms, stout son,
And thou, O loving daughter,
Stand back—my farewell gaze must fall
On Coquet's lovely water.

Stand back—throw wide the pane—thank God,
These eyes behold, in dying,
With lingering strain, so fond and fain,
The scene before me lying.
The south wind moans—I know its tones;
And see, O loving daughter,
How day's last beam does flush the stream,
And gilds the glittering water.

Now place my rod beside my hand—
I live in days gone by;
I climb the steeps, I wade the deeps,
I throw the cunning fly!

Wild whirls my reel, full grows my creel—
O son! O loving daughter!
In maddest dream was ever stream
Could match with Coquet's water?

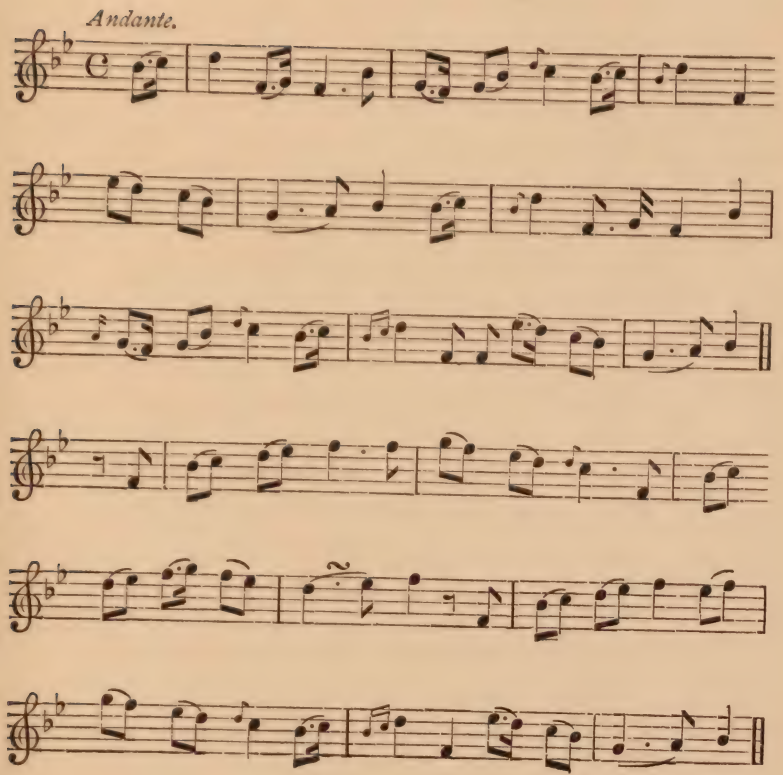
Hark! 'twas a salmon's splash—aha!
He 's hook'd; my rod bends double!
A royal fish! the pool afar
Foams round his stormy trouble.
He yields, he dies—a noble prize!
O son! O loving daughter!
In maddest dream was ever stream
Could match with Coquet's water?

In the blest land of heaven, they say,
Are rivers fair beholden,
That by God's throne flow murmuring on
O'er opal sands and golden.
My lot may be those streams to see;
But, O dear son and daughter!
Shall I ne'er cast a backward glance
To Coquet's lovely water?

Take back my gad, and lay me down,
Stout son—'tis gone for ever!
My life ebbs fast; I 've look'd my last
On that beloved river.
Thank God, my latest word shall be,
O faithful son and daughter!
For happy times, and loving bairns,
And for Coquet's bonny water!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

"THE MILL, MILL O!"



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1864.

The Angler's Toast.

TUNE—"The General Toast; or,
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

DRINK, my boys, drink to the sports o' the field,
Drink to the Gad, Gun, and Stable;
Each to its devotee pleasure does yield,
Not the least the glad "*meet*" round the table.
Let each drink his glass
To his favourite Lass,
I hope eighty lang years they thegither may pass.

How joyous to Hunters the sound o' the horn;
To the Lads o' the Trigger the whirrin'
O' pheasant frae thicket, or pairtrick frae corn;
To the Fisher his braw brass wheel birrin'!
Chorus again—
We agree i' the main,
Sae rattle the rafters till a' ring again.

Ilk Brither's accorded his favour'd pursuit;
Success to his *honest* endeavour,
Be 't hunting, or shooting, or heuking a trout—
The sports of auld England for ever!
For *Nimrod*, hurrah!
Ramrod an' a'!
Lang rod an' red heckle can fettle them a'.

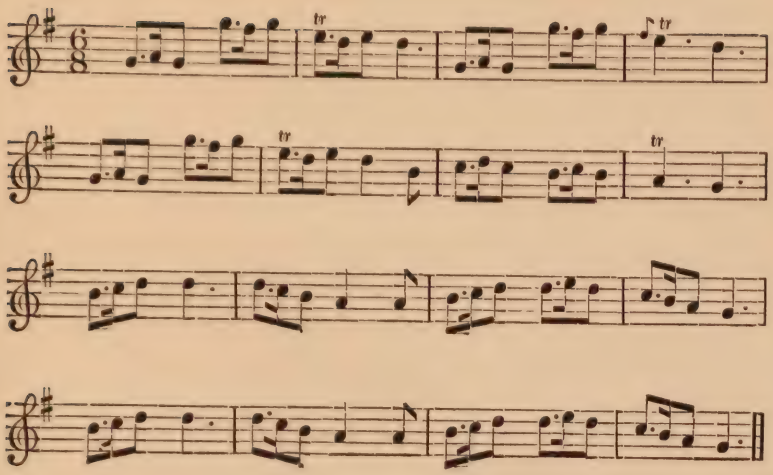
Here's to auld *Roxby*, the Coquetdale Bard,
As weel 's his poetic compeers—
True anglers their mem'ries will ever regard;
Let 's toast them, my boys, wi' three cheers.
For—on Coquet "*the Nine*"
Ha'e biggit a shrine
That a' the warld owre immortal shall shine.

Frae Coquet, the scene o' their aft joyous "*meet*,"
Time ne'er can their "Garlands" dissever;
Frae *Warkworth* to *Barraburn's* lanely retreat,
The Coquet for aye an' for ever!
Weldon's auld Ha'!
Felton an' a',
Rothbury, *Hepple*, an' bonnie *Woodha*'.

May our hearts be o' happiness full as our creels,
As our journey through life it will sweeten,
Ane toast 'fore we part—fill a bumper—nae *heels*,
And—here's to "our next merrie meetin'."
Chorus again—
We agree i' the main,
An'—now it is time we were "toddlin' hame."

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

"THE GENERAL TOAST."



The Fisher's Garland

FOR 1864.

(Autumn Number.)

"The Last o' the Season."

TUNE—"Up in the Mornin' airly."

IT 's the turn o' the year for September beer;
The breezes fast are changin';
On ilk hill-head, ye may ken by their tread,
The frosts hae there been rangin':
Nay, 'mang the lang grass, as through it ye pass,
The rind clings white and pearly;
There 's naething now for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But up in the Mornin' airly!

Yet never despair, though keen be the air,
An' auld Coquet sniffs Winter before him;
Though his streams sae bauld rin clear an' cauld,
As the braid Har'st moon glow'rs owre them;
For when the Morn's eye shall make gray the sky,
Ye 'll find them purlin' cheerly:
And there 's naething now for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But up in the Mornin' airly!

Then up i' the dark!—What tho' the lark
Still 's snug in her grassy dwellin';
Though, frae out the brake, the wary crake
Nae tale o' his covert 's tellin';

And though close at your feet, 'mang the clover sweet,
Ye startle the pairtrick sairly:
There 's now naething for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But up in the Mornin' airly!

See, the gray morn peeps on streams an' deeps;
An' the mennims now are playin',
Where the stream rins bauld, in his darksome hauld
The monarch-Trout is stayin'.
Then your black flee fling with a light, gray wing;
Let your cast fall saft and sparely;
For there 's naething now for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But up in the Mornin' airly!

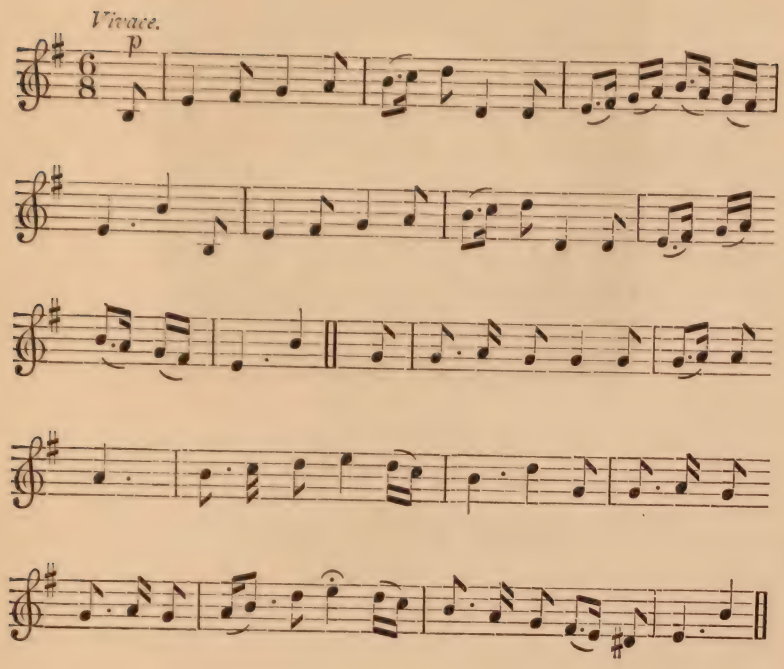
Sae your cast be vain, at once refrain;
Wha drives when there 's nae leadin'?
Let the lav'rock spring, an' the bee take wing,
An' he 'se be in the cue for feedin'.
Then the flee sae sma', an' the maisterly thraw,
Maun shew "the craftsman" fairly;
Oh! there 's naething now for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But up in the mornin' airly!

Though the monarch 's slain, there 'll still remain
Anither hour for slaughters;
Gin the frosts ha'e been through the night fu' keen,
An' keenly nipp'd the waters;
For, just where the beams now are warming the streams,
The troutlets they 'll a' loup rarely.
Oh! there 's naething now for 't, gin ye wad hae sport,
But—up in the Mornin' airly!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

May 2, 1864.

"UP IN THE MORNIN' EARLY."

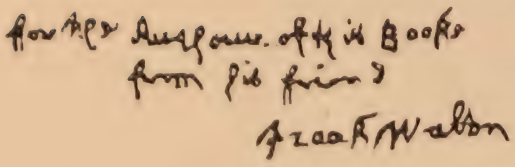


Now, together!

With a will, Yen!!

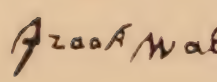
In Memoriam.

There is publiſhed a Booke of Eighteen pence price, called *The Compleat Angler, Or, The Contemplative man's Recreation*: being a Diſcourſe of Fiſh and Fiſhing. Not unworthy the peruſall. Sold by *Richard Marriot* in S. *Dunſtan's* Church-yard *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1653.



LEST be thy memory, Father of Anglers,
Ne'er shall it perish whilst we can throw line ;
Aloof from our ranks keep all scoffers and wranglers,
May no worthless pilgrim e'er sully thy shrine.
Green grow the grass o'er thy last silent resting-place,
Peace to thy ashes,—we honour thy name ;
Long since thou 'st reachèd the good Christian's trysting-place,
Here thou 'st a niche in the Temple of Fame.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.



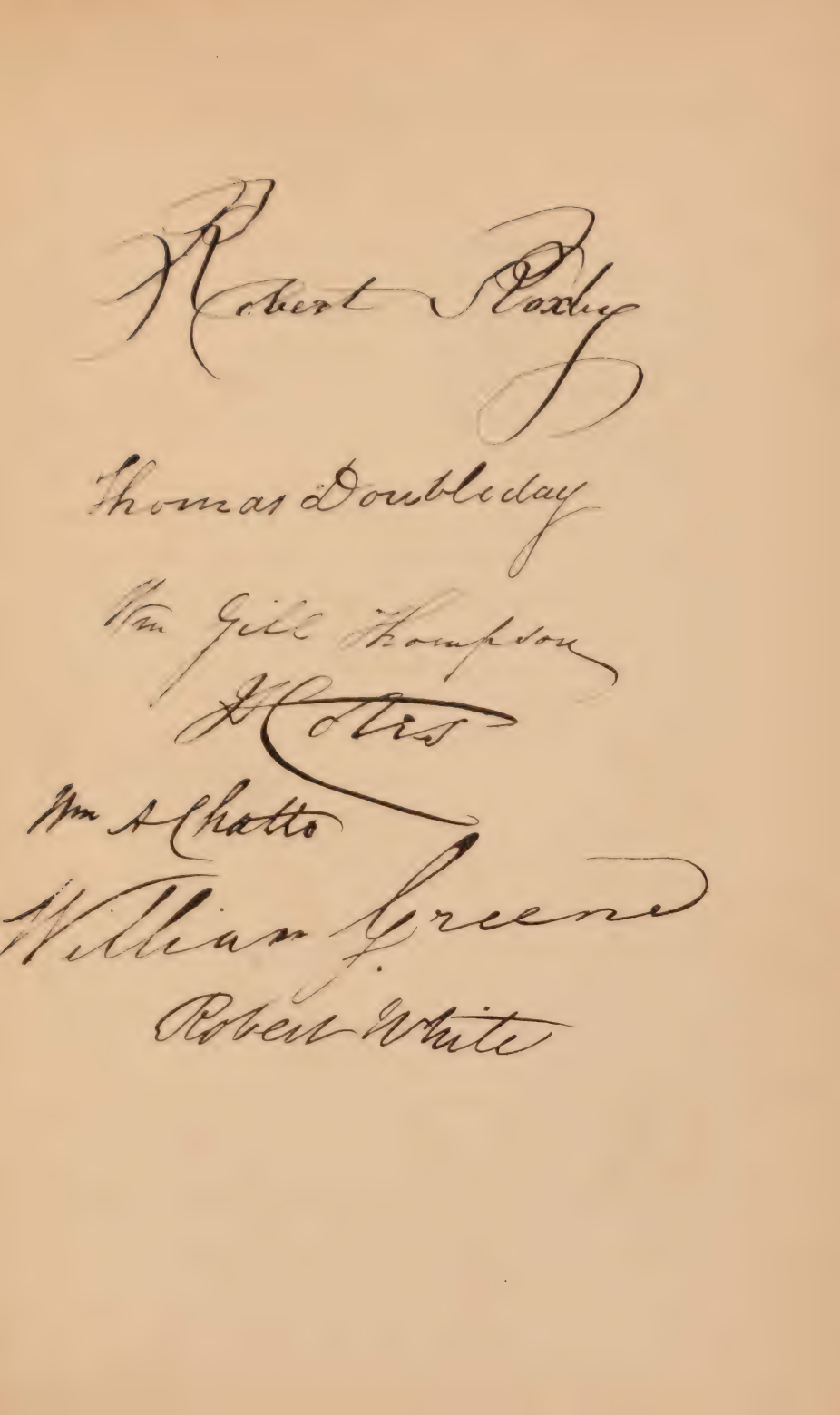
Brief Notices of some Contributors to the Original Garlands.

ROBERT ROXBY.—*July* 30, 1846.—Died, in Newcastle, in his 79th year, Mr Robert Roxby. The deceased was born at Needless Hall, Reedsdale, Northumberland, and, having lost his father at an early age, he was confided to the care of Mr Gabriel Goulburn, an extensive farmer in the neighbourhood. With that person he led a rambling kind of life until his twenty-fifth year, when Mr Goulburn became insolvent, and the small fortune of Mr Roxby being lost in the wreck, he was cast penniless upon the world. About 1798, he became a clerk in the bank of Sir W. Loraine & Co., in Newcastle; and on the failure of that establishment, he entered the bank of Sir M. W. Ridley & Co., where his cleverness as an accountant soon became remarkable. After composing various pieces of poetry, of more or less merit, he published by subscription, in 1808, an edition of two hundred and fifty copies of "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," a ballad poem, which he had gradually expanded into three books from a mere metrical epistle of a few stanzas addressed to Matthew Forster, Esq. of Broomyholme, near Chester-le-Street. In 1822, in conjunction with his friend, Mr Doubleday, then a young man, he published what proved to be the commencement of a series of lyrical

productions, which obtained a large (?) circulation, and which since his death have been collected under the title of "The Coquetdale Fishing Songs." In these ballads he took great pride, which their popularity sufficiently excused. That their originator should predict that songs which have been sung on the banks of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Hudson, would not speedily be forgotten, is quite pardonable. Several copies of verses contributed by him will be found in "Richardson's Table Book," and other local works. A striking portrait of the deceased was executed in 1838, by Nicholson, from a sketch by Train.—*Local Records of Northumberland and Durham, &c., by John Latimer*, 1832-1857.

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON.—*October* 21, 1844.—Died, in Newcastle, aged 48, Mr William Gill Thompson, reporter in the *Newcastle Chronicle* Office. Besides very great professional ability, he possessed considerable poetical talent and literary attainments; and his contributions to various periodicals, both in prose and verse, were very generally admired.—*Ibid.*

ROBERT NICHOL.—*April* 14, 1838.—Died, in Newcastle, aged 62, Mr Robert Nichol, the author of several compositions in prose and verse, some of which were printed in the *Newcastle Magazine*. —*Ibid.*


Robert Bloxby
Thomas Doubleday
Wm Gill Thompson
H Otis
Wm A Chatto
William Greene
Robert White

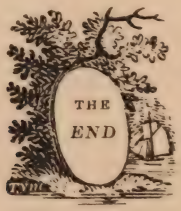
REV. HENRY COTES.—*February* 8, 1835.—Died, at Bedlington, aged 76, the Rev. Henry Cotes, Vicar of that place. Mr Cotes was endowed with considerable literary attainments, and was the author of "Sketches of Truth," in three volumes, and several other works, both in poetry and prose.—*Ibid.*

EMERSON CHARNLEY.—*August* 13, 1845.—Died, in Newcastle, aged 63, Mr Emerson Charnley, bookseller—a business which he and his father had conducted in the town for nearly a century, and which won for him from Dr Dibdin the title of "The Veteran Emperor of Northumbrian booksellers."—*Ibid.*

WILLIAM GREENE.—William Greene was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1788. His father, William Greene, carried on a considerable business as a manufacturer of pins, and also as an oil-crusher, in the vicinity of Newcastle; in the latter of these callings his son succeeded him. After the peace of 1815, the business becoming unprofitable, he wound up his affairs, and, after a time, became manager of the Carlisle station of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. By the deaths of two maiden sisters, he,

however, became ultimately possessed of a handsome competency, and died in Newcastle in 1861. He was never married. Mr Greene was fond of literary pursuits, was a good draughtsman, and fond of angling. He was also endowed with very considerable poetical talent; and, in conjunction with his cousin, Mr Doubleday, published, in 1818, through Baldwin & Co., the London booksellers, a collection of "Sixty-five Sonnets and other Poems." Some of the former are reprinted, with high commendation, in "Houseman's Collection of English Sonnets." Mr Greene died, rather suddenly, of effusion on the brain; and was, for a short time before his death, incapable of much mental exertion. He has left behind him a MS. volume of Sonnets, some of which are of great beauty, and, were the time congenial to this species of writing, would repay publication.

The above particulars are furnished by Mr Doubleday; and, I rejoice to add, I have received the valuable advice and assistance of that gentleman and Mr Robert White in this compilation. Farewell—*au revoir*.



GEORGE RUTLAND,

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